



<36621801390016

<36621801390016

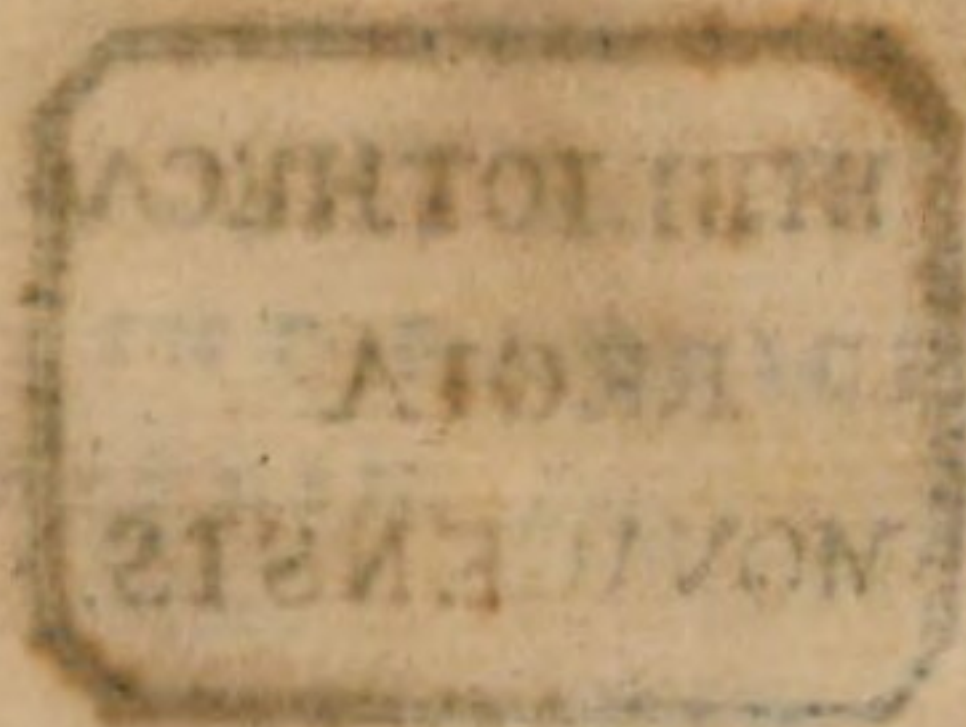
Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

P. O. angle. 284 - 32

~~Oc ¹⁰ 2777 ² ₂~~

B. Langb. 2.

P O T H E M S
of
BRITISH POETS.



V O L. XXXII.

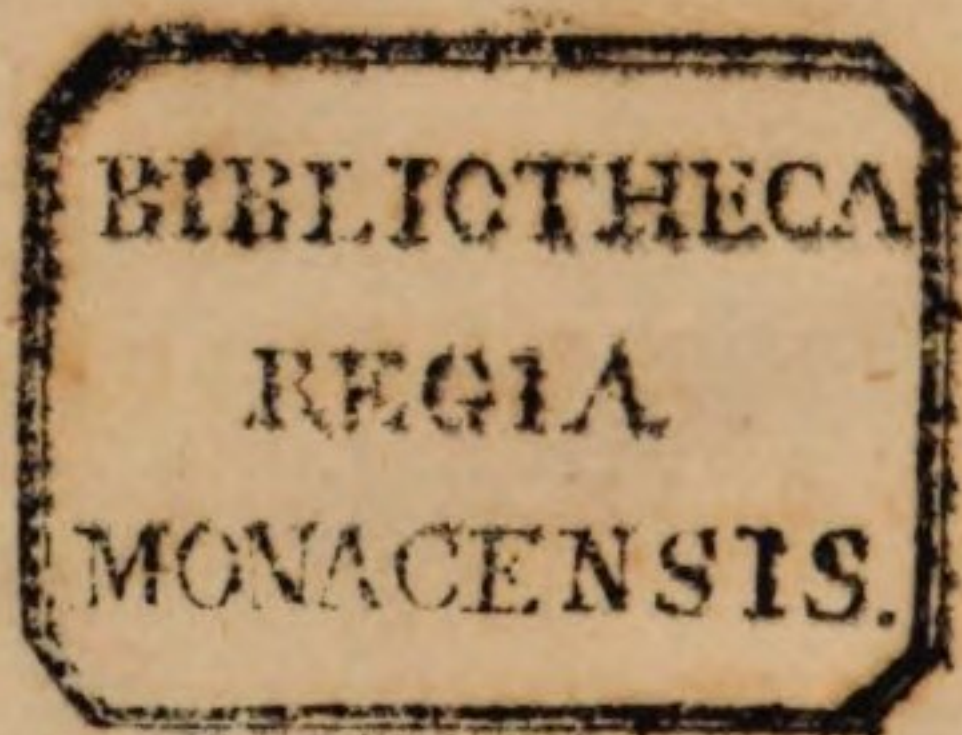
E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

THE

BRITISH MUSEUM



Vol. LXXII

EDINBURGH

Printed for J. Ballantyne and W. Green

MDCCLXXIII

P O E M S

OF

DR JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN OF SAINT PATRICK'S,
DUBLIN.

VOLUME II.

EDINBURGH:

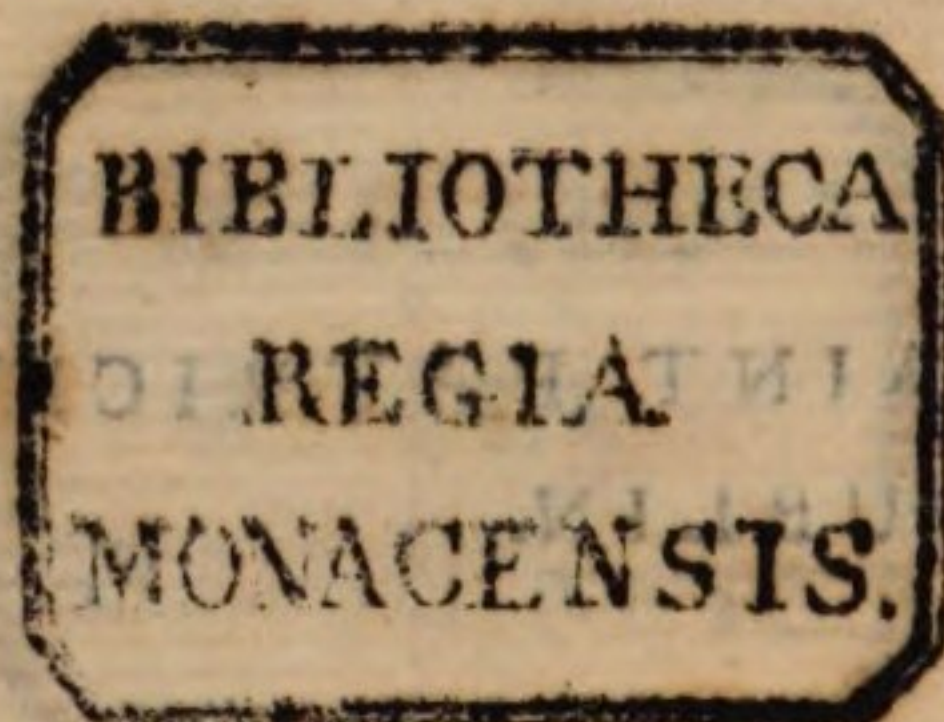
Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

P O E M S

OF

DR JOHANN S WILF,



VOLUME II

LEIPZIG

Printed by J. Neumann, Neudamm, and W. C. Neumann.

M. DCC. LXXXII.

C O N T E N T S

O F T H E

S E C O N D V O L U M E.

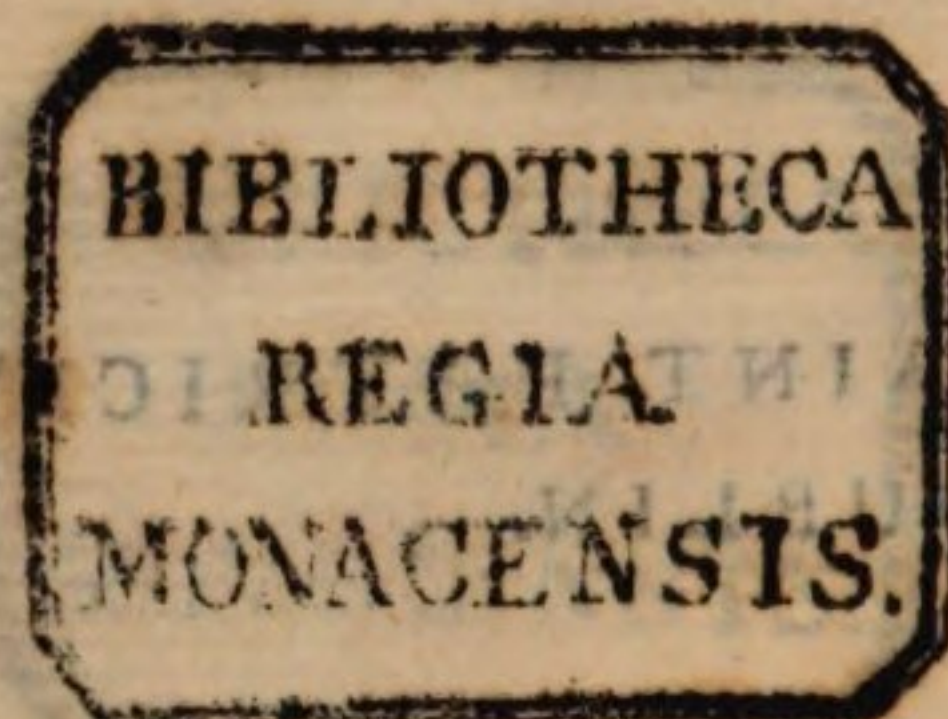
The verses marked thus *, are thought not to be Dr Swift's.

	Page
R iddles	1—7
To Quilca, a country-house of Dr Sheridan	11
The furniture of a woman's mind	12
On cutting down the old thorn at Market-hill	15
A libel on Dr Delany and Lord Carteret	19
The grand question debated; or, Hamilton's bawn	26
The Lady's dressing-room	33
The power of time	38
The revolution at Market-hill	ib
To Betty the Grizette	43
Death and Daphne	45
A panegyric on the Dean	49
Cassinus and Peter	61
A beautiful nymph going to bed	66
Strephon and Chloe	69
Apollo; or, a problem solved	80
The place of the damned	82
Judas	83
To Mr Gay	84
On the Bishops of Ireland	90
Verses on receiving two presents	93
A love-song in the modern taste	94

P O E M S

OF

DR JONATHAN SWIFT,



VOLUME II

EDINBURGH

Printed by J. Ballantyne and W. Creech.

MDCCLXXII

C O N T E N T S

O F T H E

S E C O N D V O L U M E.

The verses marked thus *, are thought not to be Dr Swift's.

	Page
R iddles	1—7
To Quilca, a country-house of Dr Sheridan	11
The furniture of a woman's mind	12
On cutting down the old thorn at Market-hill	15
A libel on Dr Delany and Lord Carteret	19
The grand question debated; or, Hamilton's bawn	26
The Lady's dressing-room	33
The power of time	38
The revolution at Market-hill	ib
To Betty the Grizette	43
Death and Daphne	45
A panegyric on the Dean	49
Cassinus and Peter	61
A beautiful nymph going to bed	66
Strephon and Chloe	69
Apollo; or, a problem solved	80
The place of the damned	82
Judas	83
To Mr Gay	84
On the Bishops of Ireland	90
Verses on receiving two presents	93
A love-song in the modern taste	94

	Page
On the words Brother-Protestants and Fellow-Christians	96
On poetry : A rhapsody	99
A character, panegyric, and description of the Legion-club	115
An apology	123
An answer to a poem, by Dr Sheridan, comparing women to clouds	129
Toland's invitation to Dismal	135
On Dan Jackson's picture cut in paper	137
On the foregoing picture	138
A ballad on the game of traffic	140
* Will. Wood's petition to the people of Ireland	142
* Molly Mog ; or, The fair maid of the inn	145
* Verses to be placed under the picture of England's arch-poet	148
Elegy on the supposed death of Partridge	150
Apollo to the Dean	154
On seeing verses written upon windows in inns	158
Verses made for women who cry apples, &c.	160
Ballyspellin	163
The answer	166
The logicians refuted	169
A petition to his Grace the Duke of Grafton	171
His Grace's answer	175
Directions for making a birth-day song	177
To Stella	187
To Mr Delany	189
The Lady's lamentation	194
The progress of marriage	202
Dr Swift on his own deafness.	208

MISCELLANIES.

MISSCELLANES.

A

R I D D L E.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white;
My person tall and slender waist,
On either side with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man espy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side!
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin:
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue, and make me speak:
But that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:

VOL. II.

A

C O N T E N T S

	Page
The first of the two volumes of the	1
<i>History of the</i>	95
<i>of the</i>	96
<i>of the</i>	97
<i>of the</i>	98
<i>of the</i>	99
<i>of the</i>	100
<i>of the</i>	101
<i>of the</i>	102
<i>of the</i>	103
<i>of the</i>	104
<i>of the</i>	105
<i>of the</i>	106
<i>of the</i>	107
<i>of the</i>	108
<i>of the</i>	109
<i>of the</i>	110
<i>of the</i>	111
<i>of the</i>	112
<i>of the</i>	113
<i>of the</i>	114
<i>of the</i>	115
<i>of the</i>	116
<i>of the</i>	117
<i>of the</i>	118
<i>of the</i>	119
<i>of the</i>	120
<i>of the</i>	121
<i>of the</i>	122
<i>of the</i>	123
<i>of the</i>	124
<i>of the</i>	125
<i>of the</i>	126
<i>of the</i>	127
<i>of the</i>	128
<i>of the</i>	129
<i>of the</i>	130
<i>of the</i>	131
<i>of the</i>	132
<i>of the</i>	133
<i>of the</i>	134
<i>of the</i>	135
<i>of the</i>	136
<i>of the</i>	137
<i>of the</i>	138
<i>of the</i>	139
<i>of the</i>	140
<i>of the</i>	141
<i>of the</i>	142
<i>of the</i>	143
<i>of the</i>	144
<i>of the</i>	145
<i>of the</i>	146
<i>of the</i>	147
<i>of the</i>	148
<i>of the</i>	149
<i>of the</i>	150
<i>of the</i>	151
<i>of the</i>	152
<i>of the</i>	153
<i>of the</i>	154
<i>of the</i>	155
<i>of the</i>	156
<i>of the</i>	157
<i>of the</i>	158
<i>of the</i>	159
<i>of the</i>	160
<i>of the</i>	161
<i>of the</i>	162
<i>of the</i>	163
<i>of the</i>	164
<i>of the</i>	165
<i>of the</i>	166
<i>of the</i>	167
<i>of the</i>	168
<i>of the</i>	169
<i>of the</i>	170
<i>of the</i>	171
<i>of the</i>	172
<i>of the</i>	173
<i>of the</i>	174
<i>of the</i>	175
<i>of the</i>	176
<i>of the</i>	177
<i>of the</i>	178
<i>of the</i>	179
<i>of the</i>	180
<i>of the</i>	181
<i>of the</i>	182
<i>of the</i>	183
<i>of the</i>	184
<i>of the</i>	185
<i>of the</i>	186
<i>of the</i>	187
<i>of the</i>	188
<i>of the</i>	189
<i>of the</i>	190
<i>of the</i>	191
<i>of the</i>	192
<i>of the</i>	193
<i>of the</i>	194
<i>of the</i>	195
<i>of the</i>	196
<i>of the</i>	197
<i>of the</i>	198
<i>of the</i>	199
<i>of the</i>	200

M I S C E L L A N E O U S

A

R I D D L E.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white;
My person tall and slender waist,
On either side with fringes grac'd;
'Till me that tyrant man espy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side!
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin:
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue, and make me speak:
But that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:

VOL. II,

A

To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice, or his lust.
From me no secret he can hide:
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.

All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid the best divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not shew his reading.

Nay, man my master is my slave:
I give command to kill or save,
Can grant ten thousand pound a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten to my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

A N O T H E R.

II.

BEcause I am by nature *blind*,
I wisely chuse to walk *behind*;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my *face*.
My *words* are few, but spoke with *sense* :
And yet my *speaking* gives offence :
Or, if to *whisper* I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am *opprest*,
And my oppression gives them *rest*.

Thro' me, tho' fore against my will,
Instructors ev'ry art instill.
By thousands I am *sold* and *bought*,
Who neither get, nor lose a groat ;
For none, alas, by me can gain,
But those who give me *greatest pain*.
Shall man presume to be my master,
Whose but my *caterer* and *taster* ?
Yet tho' I always have my will,
I'm but a mere *depend*er still :
An humble *hanger-on* at best ;
Of whom all people *make a jest*.

In me detractors seek to find
Two voices of a different kind :
I'm too profuse, some cens'ers cry,
And all I get, I *let it fly* :

While others give me many a curse,
Because too *close* I hold my *purse*.
But this I know, in either case,
They dare not *charge* me to my *face*.
'Tis true indeed, sometimes I *save*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have ;
But when the year is at an end,
Computing what we *get* and *spend*,
My *goings out*, and *comings in*,
I cannot find I lose or win ;
And therefore all that know me say,
I justly keep the *middle-way*.
I'm always by my betters led ;
I last *get up*, am first a-bed ;
Tho', if I rise *before my time*,
The learn'd in sciences sublime
Consult the stars, and thence foretel
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

A N O T H E R.

III.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domestic subject for disputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care;
I saw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the British crown;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste Diana's infant face;
And whensoever you please to shine,
Less useful in her light than thine:
Thy num'rous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia's tresses play.

To place thee in another view,
I'll shew the world strange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee.
The soul of man with spleen you vex;
Of spleen you cure the female sex.
Thee for a gift the courtier sends
With pleasure to his special friends:
He gives; and with a gen'rous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide;
Nor oft can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night;

Conceal your form with various tricks ;
And few know how or where you fix.
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give the most.
Mean time, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art ;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain :
But the sly giver better knows thee ;
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

A N O T H E R.

The gulph of all human possessions.

Written in the year 1714.

IV.

COME hither and behold the fruits,
Vain man, of all thy vain pursuits.
Take wise advice, and *look behind*,
Bring all *past* actions to thy mind.
Here you may see, as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial side!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the sad *reverse* appears!

This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs;
Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals endless toils:
Here, with an easy search, we find
The *foul corruptions* of mankind.
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitors who their country fold.

This gulph insatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes!

Here, in their proper shape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are seen.
Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race must hither draw;
All prompted by the same *desire*,
The vig'rous youth, and aged fire.
Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,
Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make *oblations* at this shrine.
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth.
For while the bashful sylvan maid,
As half ashamed, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt so *near her heart* ;
The courtly dame, unmov'd with fear,
Profusely pours her *off'rings* here.

A treasure here of *learning* lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works ;
Labours of many an ancient sage,
And millions of the present age.
In at this gulph all off'rings pass,
And lie an undistinguish'd mass.
Deucalion to restore mankind
Was bid to throw the stones *behind* ;
So those who here their gifts convey,
Are forc'd to *look another way* :
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below.

Sad charnel-house ! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home ;

The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here buried in one common grave;
Where each supply of *dead* renews
Unwholesome *damps*, *offensive dews* :
And lo! the *writing on the walls*
Points out where each new *victim* falls ;
The *food of worms*, and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.

See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die ;
A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night ;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.

And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen :
In royal garments each was drest,
Each with a gold and purple vest ;
I saw them of their garments stript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript ;
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn ;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting place at last.

Here oft the curious trav'ler finds
The combat of *opposing winds* ;
And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature's laws ;
Why, at this *cave's* tremendous *mouth*,
He feels at once both *north* and *south* :

Whether the winds in caverns pent
Through *cliffs* oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, *op'ning all his stores*,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.

Yet from this *mingled mass* of things
In time a new creation springs.
These *crude* materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies :
In various forms appear again
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

T O Q U I L C A.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE of Dr SHERIDAN, in
no very good repair, where the supposed
author, and some of his friends, spent a
summer in the year 1725.

LET me thy properties explain :
A rotten cabin, dropping rain ;
Chimneys with scorn rejecting smoke ;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces ;
In vain we make poor Sheela toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns ;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

Whether the winds in caverns pent
Through *cliffs* oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, *op'ning all his stores*,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.

Yet from this *mingled mass* of things
In time a new creation springs.
These *crude* materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies:
In various forms appear again
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

T O Q U I L C A.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE of Dr SHERIDAN, in
no very good repair, where the supposed
author, and some of his friends, spent a
summer in the year 1725.

LE T me thy properties explain :
A rotten cabin, dropping rain ;
Chimneys with scorn rejecting smoke ;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces ;
In vain we make poor Sheela toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns ;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

THE
FURNITURE
OF A
WOMAN'S MIND.

Written in the year 1727.

A Set of phrases learn'd by rote;
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath ev'ry repartee in store,
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight will put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endu'd,
She calls it witty to be rude;

And placing raillery in railing,
 Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
 Nor makes a scruple to expose
 Your bandy leg, or crooked nose;
 Can at her morning-tea run o'er
 The scandal of the day before;
 Improving hourly in her skill,
 To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In chusing lace a critic nice,
 Knows to a groat the lowest price;
 Can in her female clubs dispute,
 What linen best the silk will suit,
 What colours each complexion match,
 And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
 Can finely counterfeit a fright;
 So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
 She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
 Can dex'troufly her husband tease,
 By taking fits whene'er she please;
 By frequent practice learns the trick
 At proper seasons to be sick;
 Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
 At once creating love and pity;
 If Molly happens to be careless,
 And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
 She gets a cold as sure as death,
 And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
 Admires how modest women can
 Be so *robustious*, like a man.

In party, furious to her pow'r;
 A bitter Whig, or Tory sour;

Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend ;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain ;
And to defend the Whiggish cause,
Her topics from the Tories draws.

O yes ! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs Harding ;
She'll pay the charges to a farthing :
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition ;
They may outsell a better thing :
So, holla boys ; God save the King.

On cutting down the Old THORN at
MARKET-HILL.

Written in the year 1727.

AT Market-hill, as well appears
By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many a hundred years
A spacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village maid,
And on the bows her garland hung,
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
Secure from satyrs fat and sung.

Sir Archibald, that val'rous knight,
Then lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come to listen with delight,
For he was fond of rural strain.

(Sir Archibald, whose fav'rite name
Shall stand for ages on record,
By Scottish bards of highest fame,
Wife Hawthornden and Stirling's Lord.)

But Time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or blossom to be seen,
Its head reclining tow'rd the ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless thorn,
 Which must, alas! no longer stand,
 Behold the cruel Dean in scorn
 Cuts down with sacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature when she saw the blow,
 Astonish'd gave a dreadful shriek;
 And mother Tellus trembled so,
 She scarce recover'd in a week.

The sylvan pow'rs with fear perplex'd,
 In prudence and compassion sent
 (For none could tell whose turn was next)
 Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpye, lighting on the stock,
 Stood chatt'ring with incessant din:
 And with her beak gave many a knock,
 To rouse and warn the nymph within.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
 The ruin of her ancient seat;
 And fled in haste with all her brood,
 To seek a more secure retreat.

Last trotted forth the gentle swine,
 To ease her itch against the stump,
 And dismally was heard to whine,
 All as she scrubb'd her meazly rump.

The nymph who dwells in ev'ry tree,
 (If all be true that poets chant,)
 Condemn'd by fate's supreme decree,
 Must die with her expiring plant.

Thus when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care,
Receiv'd its last and deadly wound,
She fled, and vanish'd into air.

But from the root a dismal groan
First issuing struck the murd'rer's ears;
And in a shrill revengeful tone
This prophecy he trembling hears,

“ Thou chief contriver of my fall,
“ Relentless Dean, to mischief born;
“ My kindred oft thine hide shall gall,
“ Thy gown and cassock oft be torn.

“ And thy confed'rate dame, who brags
“ That she condemn'd me to the fire,
“ Shall rent her petticoats to rags,
“ And wound her legs with ev'ry bri'r.

“ Nor thou, Lord Arthur, shalt escape;
“ To thee I often call'd in vain,
“ Against that assassin in crape;
“ Yet thou could'st tamely see me slain.

“ Nor when I felt the dreadful blow,
“ Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy spouse:
“ Since you could see me treated so,
“ (An old retainer to your house,)

“ May that fell Dean, by whose command
“ Was form'd this Machi'velian plot,
“ Not leave a thistle on thy land;
“ Then who will own thee for a Scot?

“ Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
“ Thro’ all thy empire I foresee,
“ To tear thy hedges, join in leagues;
“ Sworn to revenge my thorn and me:

“ And thou the wretch ordain’d by fate,
“ Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
“ With hatchet blunter than thy pate
“ To hack my hallow’d timber down,

“ When thou suspended high in air,
“ Dy’st on a more ignoble tree,
“ (For thou shalt steal thy landlord’s mare,)
“ Then, bloody *caitif*, think on me.”

A
L I B E L
O N T H E
REVEREND DR DELANY,
AND HIS EXCELLENCY
JOHN LORD CARTERET.

To DR DELANY, occasioned by his epistle to his
Excellency JOHN Lord CARTERET.

Written in the year 1729.

DEluded mortals, whom the great
Chuse for companions *tete à tete* ;
Who at their dinners *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will ;
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
And how his *Lordship* was so kind ;

How many pleasant things he spoke,
 And how you *laugh'd* at every *joke* :
 Swear he's a most facetious man ;
 That you and he are *cup* and *cann* :
 You travel with a heavy load,
 And quite mistake *preferment's* road.

Suppose my *Lord* and you alone,
 Hint the least int'rest of your own ;
 His visage drops, he knits his brow,
 He cannot talk of bus'ness now :
 Or mention but a vacant *post*,
 He'll turn it off with, *Name your toast*.
 Nor could the nicest artist paint
 A countenance with more constraint.

For, as their appetites to quench,
 Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench ;
 So men of wit are but a kind
 Of pandars to a vicious mind ;
 Who proper objects must provide
 To gratify their lust of pride,
 When weary'd with intrigues of state,
 They find an idle hour to prate.
 Then, should you dare to ask a *place*,
 You forfeit all your *patron's* grace,
 And disappoint the sole design,
 For which he summon'd you to *dine*.

Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
 And one poor office, half his days :
 While Montague, who claim'd the station
 To be Mecaenas of the nation,
 For poets open table kept,
 But ne'er consider'd where they slept :

Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
 Was easy, though they wanted shoes;
 And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
 A shilling to discharge his chair:
 Till prudence taught him to appeal
 From *Raeen's* fire to *party* zeal;
 Not owing to his happy vein
 The fortunes of his latter scene,
 Took proper *principles* to thrive;
 And so might ev'ry *dunce* alive.
 Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
 And flourish'd by imputed wit,
 From perils of a hundred jails,
 Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales.

Thus Gay, the *hare* with many friends,
 Twice seven long years the *court* attends:
 Who under tales conveying truth,
 To virtue form'd a *princely* youth:
 Who paid his courtship with the croud
 As far as *modest* pride allow'd;
 Rejects a servile *usher's* place,
 And leaves St James's in disgrace.

Thus Addison by lords carefs'd,
 Was left in foreign lands distress'd;
 Forgot at home, became for hire
 A trav'ling tutor to a *'squire*:
 But wisely left the *muses* hill,
 To bus'ness shap'd the *poet's* quill;
 Let all his barren laurels fade,
 Took up himself the *courtier's* trade;
 And, grown a *minister of state*,
 Saw poets at his levee wait.

Hail, happy Pope ! whose gen'rous mind
 Detesting all the statesmen kind,
 Contemning *courts*, at *courts* unseen,
 Refus'd the visits of a queen.
 A soul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
 By *sages*, *priests*, or *poets* taught;
 Whose filial piety excels
 Whatever Grecian story tells ;
 A genius for all stations fit,
 Whose *meanest* talent is his wit ;
 His heart too great, though fortune little,
 To lick a *rascal statesman's* spittle ;
 Appealing to the nation's taste,
 Above the reach of want is plac'd :
 By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
 Which Homer never could alive :
 And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
 Despising *slaves* that *cringe* for bread !

True *politicians* only pay
 For *solid* work, but not for *play* ;
 Nor ever chuse to work with tools
 Forg'd up in *colleges* and *schools*.
 Consider how much more is due
 To all their *journeymen*, than you :
 At table you can Horace quote ;
 They at a pinch can bribe a vote :
 You shew your skill in Grecian story ;
 But they can manage Whig and Tory :
 You, as a *critic*, are so curious,
 To find a verse in Virgil spurious :
 But they can smoke the deep designs,
 When Bolingbroke with Pult'ney dines.

Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a *place* already ;
An office for your talents fit,
'To flatter, carve, and shew your wit ;
To snuff the lights, and stir the fire,
And get a *dinner* for your hire.

What claim have you to *place* or *pension* ?
He overpays in condescension.

But, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you, we know,
Could never condescend so low ;
The *viceroi*, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend ;
Nor will in *you* those gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise :
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.

This may be true—submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will ;
And what condition can be worse ?
He comes to *drain a beggar's purse* ;
He comes to tie our chains the faster,
And shew us, England is our master :
Careless knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his *vermin* in, but *scraps* ?
The offals of the *church* distressed ;
A hungry *vicarage* at best ;
Or some remote inferior *post*,
With forty pounds a-year at most.

But here again you interpose;
 Your fav'rite *Lord* is none of those,
 Who owe their virtues to their stations,
 And characters to dedications:
 For keep him in, or turn him out,
 His *learning* none will call in doubt;
 His *learning*, though a *poet* said it,
 Before a play, would lose no credit;
 Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
 Although to praise it Phillips writ.
 I own he hates an action base,
 His *virtues* battling with his *place*;
 Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
 Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
 Can sometimes drop a *voter's* claim,
 And give up party to his fame.
 I do the most that *friendship* can;
 I hate the *viceroy*, love the *man*.

But you, who till your fortune's made,
 Must be a *sweetner* by your trade,
 Should swear he never meant us ill;
 We suffer sore against his will;
 That, if we could but see his heart,
 He would have chose a milder part;
 We rather should lament his case,
 Who must obey, or lose his *place*.

Since this reflection slipt your pen,
 Insert it when you write again:
 And, to illustrate it, produce
 This *simile* for his excuse.

" So, to destroy a guilty land,
 " An *angel* sent by heav'n's command,

“ While he obeys *almighty* will,
“ Perhaps may feel *compassion* still;
“ And with the task had been assign’d
“ To *spirits* of less gentle kind.”

But I, in *politics* grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a diff’rent mould,
Who from my soul sincerely hate
Both *K—* and *ministers* of *state*,
Who look on *courts* with stricter eyes,
To see the seeds of *vice* arise,
Can lend you an allusion fitter,
Though *flatt’ring knaves* may call it bitter ;
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would shew you many a *statesman’s* face :
Fresh from the *tripod* of *Apollo*
I had it in the words that follow :
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except *his Excellence*).

“ So, to effect his *mon arch’s* ends,
“ From *hell* a *viceroy* devil ascends ;
“ His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm’d,
“ The contributions of the *damn’d* ;
“ Which with unsparing hand he strows
“ Through *courts* and *senates* as he goes :
“ And then at *Belzebub’s black hall*,
“ Complains his *budget* was too small.”

Your *simile* may better shine
In verse ; but there is *truth* in mine ;
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and *k—s* :
And *statesmen* by ten thousand odds
Are angels just as *k—s* are gods.

THE
GRAND QUESTION

DEBATED,

Whether HAMILTON'S BAWN should be turned into
a BARRACK or a MALT-HOUSE?

Written in the year 1729.

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight full of care;
Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's bawn, whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a *barrack* or *malt-house*, we now must consider.
First, let me suppose I make it a *malt-house*,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us;
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a-day, and three hogheads a-year:
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board:
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine:

Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin.
 A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
 If I make it a *barrack*, the crown is my tenant ;
 My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't :
 In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
 Whatever they give me, I must be content,
 Or join with the court in ev'ry debate ;
 And rather than that I would lose my estate.

Thus ended the Knight : Thus began his meek wife ;
 It *must*, and it *shall* be a *barrack*, my life.
 I'm grown a mere *mopus* ; no company comes,
 But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull *rums*.
 With *parsons* what lady can keep herself clean ?
 I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
 But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
 The *Captain*, I'm sure, will always come here ;
 I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
 For the *Captain*, I warrant, will keep him in awe ;
 Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
 Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert ;
 That men of his coat should be minding their pray'rs,
 And not among ladies to give themselves airs.

Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain ;
 The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.

But Hannah, who listen'd to all that was past,
 And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
 As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
 Cry'd, Madam, why surely my master's possess'd,
 Sir Arthur the maltster ! how fine it would sound !
 I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under ground.
 But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
 When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.

And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
 That I saw a huge rat; O dear, how I scream'd!
 And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
 And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.
 Dear Madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
 You might have a *barrack* whenever you please:
 And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
 That for twenty denials you would not give out.
 If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
 Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
 And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
 With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
 But, Madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
 And worry him out, till he gives his consent.

Dear Madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,
 And I were to be hang'd I can't sleep a wink:
 For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
 I can't get it out, tho' I'd never so fain.
 I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
 At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
 Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,
 And waits on the *Captain* betimes the next morning.

Now see when they meet how their honours behave:
 Noble *Captain*, your servant—Sir Arthur, your slave;
 You honour me much—the honour is mine,—
 'Twas a sad rainy night—but the morning is fine—
 Pray how does my lady?—my wife's at your ser-
 vice.—

I think I have seen her picture by Jervis.—
 Good morrow, good *Captain*,—I'll wait on you
 down—
 You shan't stir a foot—you'll think me a clown—

For all the world, *Captain*, not half an inch farther —
 You must be obey'd—your servant, Sir Arthur ;
 My humble respects to my Lady unknown.—
 I hope you will use my house as your own.

“ Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
 “ Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate.”

Pray, Madam, be quiet ; what was it I said ?—
 You had like to have put it quite out of my head.

Next day to be sure, the *Captain* will come
 At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum :
 Now, Madam, observe how he marches in state :
 The man with the kettledrum enters the gate ;
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara, while all the boys hollow.
 See now comes the *Captain* all daub'd with gold lace :
 O Law ! the sweet gentleman ! look in his face ;
 And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
 With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand ;
 And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears
 With ribbands in knots at its tail and its ears :
 At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
 Drawn up in our court ; when the *Captain* cries,
 STAND.

Your *Ladyship* lifts up the sash to be seen,
 (For sure I had *dizen'd* you out like a *queen* :)
 The *Captain*, to shew he is proud of the favour,
 Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver ;
 (His beaver is cock'd ; pray, Madam, mark that,
 For a *Captain* of horse never takes off his hat ;
 Because he has never a hand that is idle ;
 For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the
 bridle :)

THE
GRAND QUESTION
DEBATED,

Whether HAMILTON's BAWN should be turned into
a BARRACK or a MALT-HOUSE?

Written in the year 1729.

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight full of care,
Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's bawn, whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a *barrack* or *malt-house*, we now must consider.
First, let me suppose I make it a *malt-house*,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us;
'There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a-day, and three hogheads a-year:
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board:
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine:

Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin.
 A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
 If I make it a *barrack*, the crown is my tenant ;
 My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't :
 In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
 Whatever they give me, I must be content,
 Or join with the court in ev'ry debate ;
 And rather than that I would lose my estate.

Thus ended the Knight : Thus began his meek wife ;
 It *must*, and it *shall* be a *barrack*, my life.
 I'm grown a mere *mopus* ; no company comes,
 But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull *rums*.
 With *parsons* what lady can keep herself clean ?
 I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
 But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
 The *Captain*, I'm sure, will always come here ;
 I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
 For the *Captain*, I warrant, will keep him in awe ;
 Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
 Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert ;
 That men of his coat should be minding their pray'rs,
 And not among ladies to give themselves airs.

Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain ;
 The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.

But Hannah, who listen'd to all that was past,
 And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
 As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
 Cry'd, Madam, why surely my master's possess'd,
 Sir Arthur the maltster ! how fine it would sound !
 I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under ground.
 But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
 When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.

And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
 That I saw a huge rat; O dear, how I scream'd!
 And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
 And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.
 Dear Madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
 You might have a *barrack* whenever you please:
 And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
 That for twenty denials you would not give out.
 If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
 Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
 And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
 With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
 But, Madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
 And worry him out, till he gives his consent.

Dear Madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,
 And I were to be hang'd I can't sleep a wink:
 For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
 I can't get it out, tho' I'd never so fain.
 I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
 At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
 Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,
 And waits on the *Captain* betimes the next morning.

Now see when they meet how their honours behave:
 Noble *Captain*, your servant—Sir Arthur, your slave;
 You honour me much—the honour is mine,—
 'Twas a sad rainy night—but the morning is fine—
 Pray how does my lady?—my wife's at your ser-
 vice.—

I think I have seen her picture by Jervis.—
 Good morrow, good *Captain*,—I'll wait on you
 down—
 You shan't stir a foot—you'll think me a clown—

For all the world, *Captain*, not half an inch farther —
 You must be obey'd—your servant, Sir Arthur ;
 My humble respects to my Lady unknown.—
 I hope you will use my house as your own.

“ Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
 “ Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate.”
 Pray, Madam, be quiet ; what was it I said ?—
 You had like to have put it quite out of my head.

Next day to be sure, the *Captain* will come
 At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum :
 Now, Madam, observe how he marches in state :
 The man with the kettledrum enters the gate ;
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara, while all the boys hollow.
 See now comes the *Captain* all daub'd with gold lace :
 O Law ! the sweet gentleman ! look in his face ;
 And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
 With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand ;
 And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears
 With ribbands in knots at its tail and its ears :
 At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
 Drawn up in our court ; when the *Captain* cries,
 STAND.

Your *Ladyship* lifts up the sash to be seen,
 (For sure I had *dizen'd* you out like a queen :)
 The *Captain*, to shew he is proud of the favour,
 Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver ;
 (His beaver is cock'd ; pray, Madam, mark that,
 For a *Captain* of horse never takes off his hat ;
 Because he has never a hand that is idle ;
 For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the
 bridle :)

Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
 As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
 (How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt);
 Then he low'rs down the point and kisses the hilt.
 Your *Ladyship* smiles, and thus you begin;
 Pray, *Captain*, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.
 The *Captain* salutes you with congee profound,
 And your *Ladyship* curtsies half-way to the ground.

Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us.
 I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;
 And, *Captain*, you'll do us the favour to stay,
 And take a short dinner here with us to-day:
 You're heartily welcome: But as for good cheer,
 You come in the very worst time of the year:
 If I had expected so worthy a guest——
 Lord, Madam! your *Ladyship* sure is in jest;
 You *banter* me, Madam, the kingdom must grant——
 You officers, *Captain*, are so complaisant.

“ Hift, huffy, I think I hear somebody coming——
 No, Madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.

To shorten my tale, (for I hate a long story),
 The *Captain* at dinner appears in his glory;
 The *Dean* and the *Doctor* have humbled their pride,
 For the *Captain's* intreated to sit by your side;
 And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first;
 The *parsons* for envy are ready to burst:
 The servants amaz'd are scarce ever able
 To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
 And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
 To peep at the *Captain* in all his fine *clo'es*;
 Dear Madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,
 Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran:

- “ And Madam, says he, if such dinners you give,
 “ You’ll never want *parsons* as long as you live;
 “ I ne’er knew a parson without a good nose,
 “ But the devil’s as welcome wherever he goes:
 “ G—d d—me, they bid us reform and repent,
 “ But, z——s, by their looks they never keep lent:
 “ Mister *Curate*, for all your grave looks, I’m afraid
 “ You cast a sheep’s eye on her Ladyship’s maid;
 “ I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
 “ In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band:
 “ (For the Dean was so shabby, and look’d like a
 “ ninny,
 “ That the *Captain* suppos’d he was curate to Jenny:)
 “ Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
 “ A hundred to one but it covers a clown;
 “ Observe how a *parson* comes into a room,
 “ G—d—me, he hobbles as bad as my groom;
 “ A *scholar*, when just from his college broke loose,
 “ Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose;
 “ Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs, and stuff,
 “ By G— they don’t signify this pinch of snuff.
 “ To give a young gentleman right education,
 “ The army’s the only good school in the nation;
 “ My schoolmaster call’d me a dunce and a fool,
 “ But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
 “ I never could take to my book for the blood o’ me,
 “ And the puppy confess’d he expected no good o’ me.
 “ He caught me one morning coquetting his wife;
 “ But he maul’d me, I ne’er was so maul’d in my
 life:
 “ So I took to the road, and, what’s very odd,
 “ The first man I robb’d was a parson, by G—.

“ Now, Madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
 “ But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.”

Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
 And, Madam, I laught till I thought I should split.
 So then you lookt scornful, and snift at the Dean,
 As who should say, *Now, am I skinny and lean?*
 But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
 And the *Doctor* was plaguily down in the hips.

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
 Till she heard the Dean call, *Will your Ladyship walk?*
 Her *Ladyship* answers, *I'm just coming down;*
 Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
 Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
 Cry'd, hussy, why sure the wench is gone mad:
 How could these chimeras get into your brains?—
 Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
 But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
 Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
 For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye;
 Give me but a *barrack*, a *fig* for the clergy.

THE
LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM.

Written in the year 1730.

FIVE hours (and who can do it less in ?)

By haughty Caelia spent in dressing ;
The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tiffues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay :
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.

And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd,
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on ev'ry side :
In such a case few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest ;
But swears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Caelia sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses ;
Fill'd up with dirt so closely fixt
No brush could force a way betwixt ;

A paste of composition rare,
 Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
 A forehead-cloth, with oil upon't,
 To smoothe the wrinkles on her front :
 Here allum-flower to stop the steams
 Exhal'd from four unsav'ry streams :
 There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
 Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she dy'd ;
 With puppy-water, beauty's help,
 Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
 Here galley-pots and vials plac'd,
 Some fill'd with washes, some with paste ;
 Some with pomatums, paints, and fops,
 And ointments good for scabby chaps.
 Hard by a filthy bason stands,
 Foul'd with the scouring of her hands ;
 The bason takes whatever comes,
 The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
 A nasty compound of all hues,
 For here she spits, and here she spues.

But oh ! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
 When he beheld and smelt the towels,
 Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd,
 With dirt and sweat, and ear-wax grim'd.
 No object Strephon's eye escapes ;
 Here petticoats in frowzy heaps ;
 Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
 All varnish'd o'er with snuff and smot.
 The stockings why should I expose,
 Stain'd with the moisture of her toes ;
 Or greasy coifs, or pinner's reeking,
 Which Caelia slept at least a week in ?

A pair of tweezers next he found,
 To pluck her brows in arches round ;
 Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
 Or on her chin like bristles grow.

The virtues we must not let pass
 Of Caelia's magnifying glass ;
 When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
 It shew'd the visage of a giant :
 A glass that can to sight disclose
 The smallest worm in Caelia's nose,
 And faithfully direct her nail
 To squeeze it out from head to tail ;
 For catch it nicely by the head,
 It must come out, alive or dead.

Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest ;
 And must you needs describe the chest ?
 That careless wench ! no creature warn her
 To move it out from yonder corner ;
 But leave it standing full in sight,
 For you to exercise your spite ?
 In vain the workman shew'd his wit,
 With rings and hinges counterfeit,
 To make it seem in this disguise
 A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
 Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
 Resolv'd to go through *thick and thin*.
 He lifts the lid : There needs no more,
 He smelt it all the time before.

As, from within Pandora's box,
 When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
 A sudden universal crew
 Of human evils upward flew ;

He still was comforted to find
 That *hope* at last remain'd behind :
 So Strephon lifting up the lid,
 To view what in the chest was hid,
 The vapours flew from out the vent ;
 But Strephon, cautious, never meant
 The bottom of the *pan* to grope,
 And foul his hands in search of *hope*.

O ! ne'er may such a vile machine
 Be once in Caelia's chamber seen !
 O ! may she better learn to keep
 Those *secrets of the hoary deep* !

As mutton cutlets, *prime of meat*,
 Which, though with art you salt and beat,
 As laws of cookery require,
 And roast them at the clearest fire ;
 If from *adown* the hopeful chops,
 The fat upon a cinder drops,
 To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
 Pois'ning the flesh from whence it came,
 And up exhales a greasy stench,
 For which you curse the careless wench ;
 So things which must not be exprest,
 When *plumpt* into the reeking chest
 Send up an excremental smell,
 To taint the parts from whence they fell ;
 The petticoats and gown perfume,
 And waft a stink round ev'ry room.

Thus finishing his grand survey,
 The swain disgusted slunk away ;
 Repeating in his am'rous fits,
 " Oh ! Caelia, Caelia, Caelia sh—."

But *Vengeance*, goddesses never sleeping,
 Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping :
 His foul imagination links
 Each dame he sees with all her stinks ;
 And, if unfav'ry odours fly,
 Conceives a lady standing by.
 All women his description fits,
 And both ideas jump like wits ;
 By vicious fancy coupled fast,
 And still appearing in *contrast*.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind
 To all the charms of womankind.
 Should I the *queen of love* refuse,
 Because she rose from stinking ooze ?
 To him that looks behind the scene,
 Statira's but some pocky queen.

When Caelia all her glory shows,
 If Strephon would but stop his nose,
 Who now so impiously blasphemes
 Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
 Her washes, fops, and ev'ry clout,
 With which he makes so foul a rout ;
 He soon will learn to think like me,
 And blest his ravish'd eye to see
 Such order from confusion sprung,
 Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from *dung*.

THE
POWER OF TIME.

Written in the year 1730.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of *Time's* destructive hand ;
If mountains sink to vales ; if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry :
When my old cassock (said a Welch divine)
Is out at elbows, why should I repine ?

THE REVOLUTION at MARKET-HILL.

Written in the year 1730.

FROM distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends ;
Where Phoebus pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd :
Hither the frantic goddess draws
Three suff'ers in a ruin'd cause :
By faction banish'd here unite,
A Dean, a Spaniard, and a Knight ;

Unite, but on conditions cruel,
 The Dean and Spaniard find it too well :
 Condemn'd to live in service hard ;
 On either side his Honour's guard,
 The Dean to guard his Honour's back,
 Must build a castle at Drumlack ;
 The Spaniard, fore against his will,
 Must raise a fort at Market-hill,
 And thus the pair of humble gentry
 At *north* and south are posted centry ;
 While in his lordly castle fixt
 The knight triumphant reigns betwixt :
 And what the wretches most resent,
 To be his slaves must pay him rent ;
 Attend him daily as their *chief*,
 Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
 Oh ! Fortune ! 'tis a scandal for thee
 To smile on those who are least worthy :
 Weigh but the merits of the three,
 His slaves have ten times more than he.

Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia !
 The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye :
 Of *their* two fames the world enough rings ;
 Where are *thy* services and suff'rings ?
 What if for nothing once you kist,
 Against the grain, a monarch's fist ?
 What if among the courtly tribe
 You lost a place and sav'd a bribe !
 And then in surly mood came here
 To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
 And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd ?
 You never ventur'd to be hang'd.

He still was comforted to find
 That *hope* at last remain'd behind :
 So Strephon lifting up the lid,
 To view what in the chest was hid,
 The vapours flew from out the vent ;
 But Strephon, cautious, never meant
 The bottom of the *pan* to grope,
 And foul his hands in search of *hope*.

O ! ne'er may such a vile machine
 Be once in Caelia's chamber seen !
 O ! may she better learn to keep
 Those *secrets of the hoary deep* !

As mutton cutlets, *prime of meat*,
 Which, though with art you salt and beat,
 As laws of cookery require,
 And roast them at the clearest fire ;
 If from *adown* the hopeful chops,
 The fat upon a cinder drops,
 To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
 Pois'ning the flesh from whence it came,
 And up exhales a greasy stench,
 For which you curse the careless wench ;
 So things which must not be exprest,
 When *plumpt* into the reeking chest
 Send up an excremental smell,
 To taint the parts from whence they fell ;
 The petticoats and gown perfume,
 And waft a stink round ev'ry room.

Thus finishing his grand survey,
 The swain disgusted slunk away ;
 Repeating in his am'rous fits,
 " Oh ! Caelia, Caelia, Caelia sh—."

But *Vengeance*, goddesses never sleeping,
 Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping :
 His foul imagination links
 Each dame he sees with all her stinks ;
 And, if unfav'ry odours fly,
 Conceives a lady standing by.
 All women his description fits,
 And both ideas jump like wits ;
 By vicious fancy coupled fast,
 And still appearing in *contrast*.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind
 To all the charms of womankind.
 Should I the *queen of love* refuse,
 Because she rose from stinking ooze ?
 To him that looks behind the scene,
 Statira's but some pocky queen.

When Caelia all her glory shows,
 If Strephon would but stop his nose,
 Who now so impiously blasphemes
 Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
 Her washes, fops, and ev'ry clout,
 With which he makes so foul a rout ;
 He soon will learn to think like me,
 And blest his ravish'd eye to see
 Such order from confusion sprung,
 Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from *dung*.

THE POWER OF TIME.

Written in the year 1730.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of *Time's* destructive hand ;
If mountains sink to vales ; if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry :
When my old cassock (said a Welch divine)
Is out at elbows, why should I repine ?

The REVOLUTION at MARKET-HILL.

Written in the year 1730.

FROM distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends ;
Where Phoebus pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd :
Hither the frantic goddess draws
Three suff'ers in a ruin'd cause :
By faction banish'd here unite,
A Dean, a Spaniard, and a Knight ;

Unite, but on conditions cruel,
 The Dean and Spaniard find it too well :
 Condemn'd to live in service hard ;
 On either side his Honour's guard,
 The Dean to guard his Honour's back,
 Must build a castle at Drumlack ;
 The Spaniard, sore against his will,
 Must raise a fort at Market-hill,
 And thus the pair of humble gentry
 At *north* and south are posted centry ;
 While in his lordly castle fixt
 The knight triumphant reigns betwixt :
 And what the wretches most resent,
 To be his slaves must pay him rent ;
 Attend him daily as their *chief*,
 Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
 Oh ! Fortune ! 'tis a scandal for thee
 To smile on those who are least worthy :
 Weigh but the merits of the three,
 His slaves have ten times more than he.

Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia !
 The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye :
 Of *their* two fames the world enough rings ;
 Where are *thy* services and suff'rings ?
 What if for nothing once you kist,
 Against the grain, a monarch's fist ?
 What if among the courtly tribe
 You lost a place and sav'd a bribe !
 And then in surly mood came here
 To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
 And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd ?
 You never ventur'd to be hang'd.

REVOLUTION AT

How dare you treat your betters thus ?

Are you to be compar'd with us ?

Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms

Call forth our cottagers to arms ;

Our forces let us both unite,

Attack the foe at left and right.

From Market-hill's exalted head,

Full northward let your troops be led ;

While I from Drapier's-mount descend,

And to the south my squadrons bend.

New-river-walk, with friendly shade

Shall keep my host in ambuscade ;

While you, from where the basin stands,

Shall scale the rampart with your bands.

Nor need we doubt the fort to win ;

I hold intelligence within.

True, Lady Anne no danger fears,

Brave as the Upton fan she wears ;

Then lest upon our first attack

Her valiant arm should force us back,

And we of all our hopes depriv'd ;

I have a stratagem contriv'd.

By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes

She shall be caught as in a noose ;

So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,

She'll not have pow'r to stir an inch :

These gaudy shoes must Hannah place

Direct before her lady's face ;

The shoes put on, our faithful portress

Admits us in to storm the fortress ;

While tortur'd Madam bound remains,

Like Montezume in golden chains,

Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
Stumbling at ev'ry step she trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
To catch a monkey by a wile
The mimic animal amuse;
They place before him gloves and shoes;
Which when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone:
In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.

But let us on our first assault
Secure the larder and the vault:
The valiant Dennis you must fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon:
Then, if we once can seize the key
And chest, that keeps my Lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion:
And soon as we have gain'd possession,
We'll act as other conqu'rors do,
Divide the realm between us two:
Then (let me see) we'll make the Knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer to wear his hat;
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs Lessie;
But, lest it might not be so proper,
That her own maid should overtop her;
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches low'r.

For Hannah, when we have no need of her :
'Twill be our int'rest to get rid of her :
And when we execute our plot,
'Tis best to hang her on the spot ;
As all your politicians wife
Dispatch the rogues by whom they rise.

T O

BETTY THE GRIZETTE.

Written in the year 1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty!

Never may the muse forget ye :

How thy face charms ev'ry shepherd,

Spotted over like a leopard ;

And, thy freckled neck display'd,

Envy breeds in ev'ry maid,

Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,

Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow,

Or a tawny speckled pippin

Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.

And, thy beauty thus dispatch'd,

Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.

Sets of phrases, cut and dry,

Evermore thy tongue supply.

And thy memory is loaded

With old scraps from plays exploded :

Stock'd with repartees and jokes,

Suited to all Christian folks ;

Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,

Blunder'd out a thousand times.

Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,

Which can ne'er be worse for wearing,

For Hannah, when we have no need of her ::
'Twill be our int'rest to get rid of her :
And when we execute our plot,
'Tis best to hang her on the spot ;
As all your politicians wise
Dispatch the rogues by whom they rise.

T O

BETTY THE GRIZETTE.

Written in the year 1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty!

Never may the muse forget ye :

How thy face charms ev'ry shepherd,

Spotted over like a leopard ;

And, thy freckled neck display'd,

Envy breeds in ev'ry maid,

Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,

Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow,

Or a tawny speckled pippin

Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.

And, thy beauty thus dispatch'd,

Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.

Sets of phrases, cut and dry,

Evermore thy tongue supply.

And thy memory is loaded

With old scraps from plays exploded :

Stock'd with repartees and jokes,

Suited to all Christian folks ;

Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,

Blunder'd out a thousand times.

Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,

Which can ne'er be worse for wearing,

44 TO BETTY THE GRIZETTE.

Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhouse upper regions ;
Where, in eighteen-penny gall'ry,
Irish nymphs learn Irish raill'ry :
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.

Thus with talents well endu'd
To be scurrilous and rude ;
When you partly raise your snout,
Fleece, and gibe, and laugh, and shout :
This among Hibernian asses
For sheer wit and humour passes.
Thus indulgent Chloe bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

To an agreeable young Lady, but extremely lean.

Written in the year 1730.

DEATH went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay :
The phantom, having humbly kist
His grisly monarch's footy fist,
Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto observing since the peace,
The burial-article decrease ;
And vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
Declar'd in council, Death must marry :
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old batchelors about his court :
Th' interest of his realm had need
That death should get a num'rous breed ;
Young *deathlings*, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.

A consult of coquets below
Was call'd to rig him out a beau :
From her own head Megara takes
A periwig of twisted snakes ;

Which in the nicest fashion curl'd,
(Like *toupets* of this upper world,) T A E C
With flow'r of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on her shoulders fell,
An adder of the fable kind,
In line direct, hang down behind.
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, an us'rer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all.
But loath his person to expose
Bare, like a carcase pick'd by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment case.
No new flux'd rake shew'd fairer skin;
Nor Phyllis after lying in.
With snuff was fill'd his ebon box,
Of shin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops
with aconite anoint his chops :
And give him words of dreadful sounds.
G—d d—n his blood, and b——d and w——ds.

Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
To take a house in Warwick-lane :
The *faculty*, his humble friends,
A complimentary message sends ;
Their president in scarlet gown
Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to town.

But Death had bus'ness to dispatch ;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His *Majesty of terrors* came,

Fine as a col'nel of the guards,
To visit where she sat at cards.
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleasure jumps;
She scarce remembers what is trumps;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen, except her own:
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
Her pocket-glass drew sily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counter part of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the *swain*;
Nothing, she thought, could sooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau:
Whether some late departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts?
If Chloe were a sharper still
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there must needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books;)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above?
How oft a week was kept a ball
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied those Elisian shades
The sweetest place for masquerades:

How pleasant on the bank's of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and six !

What pride a female heart inflames !
How endless are ambition's aims !
Cease, haughty nymph ; the fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee :
For when, by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled ;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp :
Away the frightened spectre scuds,
And leaves my lady in the fuds.

A
P A N E G Y R I C
O N T H E
D E A N,

In the person of a L A D Y in the North.

Written in the year 1730.

R E S O L V'D my gratitude to show,
Thrice Rev'rend Dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless muse shall sing your fame.

Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind;
Nine more such champions as the Dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign.
How well to win the ladies hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my spirits rais'd,
By you so oft, so highly prais'd!

VOL. II.

D

Transform'd, by your convincing tongue,
To witty, beautiful, and young.
I hope to quit that awkward shame
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence,
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To shew my face with scornful air,
Let other's match it, if they dare.

Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard, who humbly deigns to chuse
Me for the subject of his muse.
Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.

My heart with emulation burns
To make you suitable returns :
My gratitude the world shall know :
And, see, the printer's boy below ;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift ;
A panegyric on Dean Swift ;
And then, to mend the matter still,
By Lady Anne of Market-hill.

I thus begin : My grateful muse
Salutes the Dean in different views ;
Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor ;
Robert and Darby's coadjutor :
And as you in commission sit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit.

In each capacity I mean
To sing your praise. And first as Dean :
Envy must own, you understand your
Precedence, and support your grandeur :

Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give Dean Daniel place.
In you such dignity appears;
So suited to your state and years!
With ladies what a strict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with so much complaisance,
As fits a princess in romance!
By your example and assistance,
The *fellows* learn to know their distance.
Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
No longer calls me *snipe* and *flattern*;
Nor dares he, tho' he were a Duke,
Offend me with the least rebuke.

Proceed we to your preaching next;
How nice you split the hardest text!
How your superior learning shines
Above your neighb'ring dull divines!
At Beggar's opera not so full pit
Is seen, as when you mount our pulpit.

Consider now your conversation:
Regardful of your age and station,
You ne'er was known by passion stirr'd,
To give the least offensive word:
But still, whenc'er you silence break,
Watch every syllable you speak:
Your stile so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.
But then, a parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band so clean,
As well becomes St Patrick's Dean;

Such reverential awe exprefs,
That cow-boys know you by your drefs !
Then, if our neighb'ring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With fuch addrefs, and graceful port,
As clearly fhews you bred at court !

Now raife your fpirits, Mr Dean,
I lead you to a nobler fcene ;
When to the vault you walk in ftate,
In quality of *Butler's* mate ;
You next to Dennis bear the fway :
To you we often truft the key :
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart :
What pints may beft for bottles pafs,
Juft to give ev'ry man his glafs ;
When proper to produce the beft ;
And what may ferve a common gueft.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to ftcal your mafter's wine ;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome *brother* ferving-men ;
But that is with a good defign,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine ;
Your mafter's honour to maintain,
And get the like returns again.

Your Usher's poft muft next be handled :
How blefs'd am I by fuch a man led !
Under whose wife and careful guardfhip
I now defpife fatigue and hardfhip :
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Tho' daggled round, I fcorn to fret.

From you my chamber-damfels learn
My broken hofe to patch and darn.

Now as a jester I accoft you ;
Which never yet one friend has loft you.
You judge fo nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to fpare.
By long experience grown fo wife,
Of every tafte to know the fize,
There's none fo ignorant or weak,
To take offence at what you fpeak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a cafe
Whether with Dermot, or his Grace ;
With Teague o'Murphy, or an Earl,
A Dutcheffs or a kitchen-girl.
With fuch dexterity you fit
Their feveral talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can fmoke,
And Gahagan take ev'ry joke.

I now become your humble fuitor
To let me praife you as my tutor.
Poor I, a favage bred and born,
By you inftructed ev'ry morn,
Already have improv'd fo well,
That I have almoft learn'd to fpell :
The neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me fpeak fo *fine*.
How enviously the ladies look,
When they furprize me at my book !
And, fure as they're alive, at night,
As foon as gone, will fhew their fpight :
Good Lord ! what can my Lady mean,
Converfing with that rusty Dean !

She's grown so nice, and so *penurious*,
With Socrates and Epicurius.

How could she sit the live-long day,
Yet never ask us once to play?

But I admire your patience most,
That when I'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.

So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.

You merit new employments daily :
Our thatcher, ditcher, gard'ner, baily.
And to a genius so extensive,
No work is grievous or offensive;
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styes;
Or ponder long with anxious thought,
To banish rats that haunt our vault :
Nor have you grumbled, Rev'rend Dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean ;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unfav'ry smelling.

Now enter as the dairy handmaid :
Such charming butter never man made.
Let others, with fanatic face,
Talk of their *milk* for *babes of grace* ;
From *tubs* their snuffling nonsense utter :
Thy *milk* shall make us *tubs* of butter.
The Bishop, with his *foot* may burn it,
But with his *hand* the Dean can-churn it.

How are the servants overjoy'd
To see thy Deanship thus employ'd ?
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook !
Three morning-hours you tofs and shake
The bottle till your fingers ake :
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part ;
Behold a frothy substance rise ;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.

The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd ;
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.

Your Rev'rence thus, with like success,
(Nor is your skill or labour less,)
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will tofs and turn your brain till noon ;
Which in its jumbings round the scull
Dilates, and makes the vessel full :
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst :
But squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.

But you have rais'd your gen'rous mind
To works of more exalted kind.

Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious trav'ler's eyes,
That might be envy'd by the Greeks,
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks :
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all off'rings at her shrine.

In ſep'rate cells the he's and ſhe's
Here pay their vows with *bended knees* ;
For 'tis prophane when ſexes mingle ;
And ev'ry nymph muſt enter ſingle ;
And when ſhe feels an *inward motion*,
Come fill'd with *rev'rence* and devotion.
The baſhful maid, to hide her bluſh,
Shall creep no more behind a buſh ;
Here unobſerv'd ſhe boldly goes,
As who ſhould ſay, to *pluck a roſe*.

Ye who frequent this hallow'd ſcene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean ;
But duly, ere you leave your ſtation,
Offer to him a pure libation,
Or of his own, or Smedley's lay,
Or billetdoux, or lock of hay :
And, O ! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb.

Yet when your lofty domes I praiſe,
I ſigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raiſe my ſtyle,
And ſweetly moralize a while.

Thee, bounteous goddeſs Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine ?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath ?

When Saturn rul'd the ſkies alone,
(That *golden* age to *gold* unknown,)
This earthly globe to thee aſſign'd
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thouſand altars *ſmoaking* round
Were built to thee, with off'rings crown'd :

And here the daily vot'ries plac'd
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste :
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam :
(Tho' sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink :)
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove ;
Or offer'd in some flow'ry vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale.
There many a flow'r absterfivè grew,
Thy fav'rite flow'rs of yellow hue !
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.

But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove ;
Then *Gluttony* with greasy paws
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With wat'ry chops, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily skin ;
Wedg'd in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priest in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos ;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soops and fricassees ;
And for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caveer.

This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,
Confin'd thee, goddess, to a cell ;

Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
First, lolling *Sloth* in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap :
Pale *Dropfy* with a fallow face,
Her belly burst; and slow her pace :
And lordly *Gout* wrapt up in fur :
And wheezing *Asthma*, loath to stir.
Voluptuous *Ease*, the child of *Wealth*,
Infecting thus our hearts by stealth ;
None seek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear ;
But in their cells and vaults obscene
Present a sacrifice unclean ;
From whence unsav'ry vapours rose,
Offensive to thy nicer nose.

Ah! who in our degen'rate days,
As nature prompts, his off'ring pays?
Here nature never diff'rence made
Between the sceptre and the spade.

Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will ye place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches side?
When from the homeliest earthen ware
Are sent up off'rings more sincere,
Than where the haughty Duchesse's locks
Her silver vase in cedar-box.

Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains,
Whose off'rings plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers banks;

Nor seldom grace the flow'ry downs,
With spiral tops and cottle-crowns;
Or gilding in a sunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.

Hither by luckless error led,
The crude consistence oft I tread;
Here when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here by the sacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.

Be witness for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with design:
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To wash thy injur'd off'rings out.

But stop, ambitious muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.

Me Phoebus in a midnight-dream
Accosting, said, *Go shake your cream.*
Be humbly minded, know your post;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style:
Teach Dennis how to stir the *guile*:
With Peggy Dixon thoughtful fit,
Contriving for the pot and spit.
Take down thy proudly-swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth and pair thy nails:

And nicely carving shew thy wit ;
But ne'er presume to eat a bit :
Turn ev'ry way thy watchful eye ;
And ev'ry guest be sure to ply :
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate except your own.
Be these thy arts ; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.

But Cloacina, goddess bright,
Sleek — claims her as his right :
And Smedley, flow'r of all divines,
Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A Tragical ELEGY.

Written in the year 1731.

TWO college sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits, and lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet
On love, and books, in rapture sweet;
(Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other *Peter*).
Friend Peter to *Cassinus* goes,
To chat a while, and warm his nose.
But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
One greasy stocking round his head,
The other he sat down to darn
With threads of diff'rent colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.

And nicely carving shew thy wit ;
But ne'er presume to eat a bit :
Turn ev'ry way thy watchful eye ;
And ev'ry guest be sure to ply :
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate except your own.
Be these thy arts ; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.

But Cloacina, goddess bright,
Sleek — claims her as his right :
And Smedley, flow'r of all divines,
Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A Tragical ELEGY.

Written in the year 1731.

TWO college sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits, and lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet
On love, and books, in rapture sweet;
(Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other *Peter*).
Friend Peter to *Cassinus* goes,
To chat a while, and warm his nose.
But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
One greasy stocking round his head,
The other he sat down to darn
With threads of diff'rent colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.

A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown ;
 A rug ; for nightgown he had none.
 His jordan stood in manner fitting
 Between his legs to spue or spit in.
 His ancient pipe in fable dy'd,
 And half unsmok'd lay by his side.

Him thus accout'ed Peter found,
 With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd :
 The leavings of his last night's pot
 On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.

Why, Cassy, thou wilt doze thy pate ;
 What makes thee lie a-bed so late ?
 The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
 Their mattins chaunt in ev'ry bush :
 And I have heard thee oft salute
 Aurora with thy early flute.

Heav'n send thou hast not got the hys !
 How ! not a word come from thy lips ?

Then gave him some familiar thumps ;
 A college-joke to cure the dumps.

The swain at last, with grief oppress'd,
 Cry'd, " Caelia !" thrice, and sigh'd the rest.

Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
 Yet ask I must. Is Caelia dead ?

How happy I, were that the worst ?
 But I was fated to be curst.

Come, tell us, has she plaid the whore ?
 Oh, Peter, would it were no more !

Why, plague confound her sandy locks :
 Say, has the small or greater pox
 Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face ?
 Be easy, 'tis a common case.

O Peter ! beauty's but a varnish,
Which time and accidents will tarnish :
But Caelia has contriv'd to blast
Those beauties that might ever last.
Nor can imagination guess,
Nor eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful, charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd.
Conceive the most invenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.

Why, hang her ; though she seem'd so coy,
I know she loves the barber's boy.

Friend Peter, this I could excuse ;
For ev'ry nymph has leave to chuse ;
Nor have I reason to complain
She loves a more deserving swain.
But oh ! how ill hast thou divin'd
A crime, that shocks all human kind ;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the sun should hide his face ;
Advice in vain you would apply——
Then leave me to despair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
These elegies and sonnets burn ;
And on the marble grave these rhymes,
A monument to after times :
“ Here Cassy lies, by Caelia slain,
“ And, dying, never told his pain.”

Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark.
And there—behold Alecto stand,
A whip of scorpions in her hand.

Lo, Charon, from his leaky wherry
Beck'ning to waft me o'er the ferry.

I come, I come,—Medusa! see,
Her serpents hiss direct at me.

Begone; unhand me, hellish fry:

Avant—ye cannot say 'tis I.

Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.

But now by friendship's sacred laws
I here conjure thee, tell the cause;

And Caelia's horrid fact relate:

Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.

To force it out my heart must rend;

Yet when conjur'd by such a friend——

Think, Peter, how my soul is rackt!

These eyes, these eyes beheld the fact.

Now bend thine ear, since out it must;

But when thou seest me laid in dust,

The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,

Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;

(How would her virgin soul bemoan

A crime to all her sex unknown!)

Nor whisper to the tattling reeds

The blackest of all female deeds:

Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,

Where Echo sits, and list'ning mocks:

Nor let the zephyrs' treach'rous gale

Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;

Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd race

Discover Caelia's foul disgrace.

But if you fail, my spectre dread

Attending nightly round your bed:

And yet I dare confide in you;
So take my secret, and adieu.

Nor wonder how I lost my wits:
Oh! Caelia, Caelia, Caelia sh—.

VOL. II.

E

A B E A U T I F U L
Y O U N G N Y N P H
G O I N G T O B E D.

Written for the honour of the FAIR SEX, in 1731.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain,
Never did Covent-garden boast
So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
No drunken rake to pick her up,
No cellar, where on tick to sup;
Returning at the midnight-hour,
Four stories climbing to her bow'r;
Then seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair.
Now picking out a crystal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her eyebrows from a mouse's hide
Stuck on with art on either side,
Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em.
Now dextrously her plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow jaws.
Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes.

Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
 Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
 Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
 Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
 Which, by the operator's skill,
 Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
 Up goes her hand, and off she slips
 The bolsters that supply her hips.
 With gentlest touch she next explores
 Her shancres, issues, running sores;
 Effects of many a sad disaster,
 And then to each applies a plaister:
 But must, before she goes to bed,
 Rub off the daubs of white and red,
 And smooth the furrows in her front
 With greasy paper stuck upon't.
 She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
 And then between two blankets creeps.
 With pains of love tormented lies;
 Or if she chance to close her eyes,
 Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
 And feels the lash, and faintly screams;
 Or by a faithless bully drawn,
 At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
 Or to Jamaica seems transported,
 Alone, and by no planter courted;
 Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
 Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
 Belated, seems on watch to lie,
 And snap some cully passing by;
 Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
 On watchmen, constables, and duns,

From whom she meets with frequent rubs ;
 But never from religious clubs ;
 Whose favour she is sure to find,
 Because she pays them all in kind.

Corinna wakes. A dreadful sight !
 Behold the ruins of the night !
 A wicked rat her plaister stole,
 Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
 The crystal eye, alas ! was miss'd ;
 And pufs had on her plumpers p—fs'd.
 A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas :
 And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.

The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
 Must ev'ry morn her limbs unite.
 But how shall I describe her arts
 To recollect the scatter'd parts ?
 Or shew the anguish, toil, and pain,
 Of gath'ring up herself again ?
 The bashful muse will never bear
 In such a scene to interfere.
 Corinna in the morning dizen'd,
 Who sees, will spue ; who smells, be poison'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE.

Written in the year 1731.

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
By ev'ry size of poets sung :
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years ;
By nature form'd with nicest care,
And faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mien, her shape, and face,
Confess'd her of no mortal race :
And then so nice, and so genteel ;
Such cleanliness from head to heel :
No humours gross, or frowzy steams,
No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintless body flow ;
Would so discreetly things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a rose.
Her dearest comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams, to make maid's water.
You'd swear that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature.
In summer had she walk'd the town,
Her armpits would not stain her gown :

At country-dances not a nose
 Could in the dog-days smell her toes.
 Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
 Like iv'ry dry, and soft as wax.
 Her hands, the softest ever felt,
 Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.

Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
 Nor let her loose, to spoil your trade.
 While she engrosses ev'ry swain,
 You but o'er half the world can reign.
 Think what a case all men are now in,
 What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing!
 What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
 What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
 What sword-knots! what poetic strains!
 What billet-doux, and clouded canes!

But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
 He blew a settlement along;
 And bravely drove his rivals down
 With coach and six, and house in town.
 The bashful nymph no more withstands,
 Because her dear papa commands.
 The charming couple now unites:
 Proceed we to the marriage-rites.

Imprimis, at the temple-porch
 Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
 The smiling Cyprian goddess brings
 Her infant Loves with purple wings;
 And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
 Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
 The Muses next in order follow,
 Conducted by their 'squire, Apollo:

Then Mercury with silver tongue,
And Hebe, goddesses ever young.
Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
Walk'd hand in hand, and side by side,
She by the tender Graces drest,
But he by Mars, in scarlet vest.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phoebus sung th' *epithalamium*.
And last, to make the matter sure,
Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
Luna was absent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.

The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
In state return'd the grand parade ;
With loud huzza's from all the boys,
That now the pair must *crown their joys*.

But still the hardest part remains,
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with so high a nymph he might
Demean himself the wedding-night :
For as he view'd his person round,
Mere mortal flesh was all he found :
His hand, his neck, his mouth and feet,
Were duly wash'd to keep them sweet ;
(With other parts that shall be nameless,
The ladies else might think me shameless.)
The weather and his love were hot ;
And should he struggle, I know what—
Why, let it go, if I must tell it—
He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it.

While she, a goddess, dy'd in grain,
Was unsusceptible of stain ;
And, Venus like, her fragrant skin
Exhal'd *ambrosia* from within.
Can such a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure ?
How did the humbled swain detest
His prickly beard and hairy breast !
His nightcap border'd round with lace
Could give no softness to his face.

Yet if the goddess could be kind,
What endless raptures must he find !
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men ;
To visit and to court them too :
A certain goddess, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read,)
'Took Col'nel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he should lose his life
By vent'ring on his heavenly wife ?
For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a school-boy tell,
How Semele of mortal race
By thunder died in Jove's embrace :
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes.

While these reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed :
He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,
But awfully his distance kept.

Now *ponder well, ye parents dear ;*
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer ;

And make them every afternoon
 Forbear their tea, or drink it soon ;
 That ere to bed they venture up,
 They may discharge it every sup ;
 If not, they must in evil plight
 Be often forc'd to rise at night.

Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,
 Nor let them taste what causes wind :
 ('Tis this the sage of Samos means,
 Forbidding his disciples beans.)

O ! think what evils must ensue ;
 Miss Moll the jade will burn it blue :
 And when she once has got the art,
 She cannot help it for her heart ;
 But out it flies, even when she meets
 Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.

Carminative and diuretic
 Will damp all passion sympathetic ;
 And love such nicety requires,
 One *blast* will put out all his fires.
 Since husbands get behind the scene,
 The wife should study to be clean ;
 Nor give the smallest room to guests
 The time when wants of nature press ;
 But after marriage practice more
 Decorum than she did before
 To keep her spouse deluded still,
 And make him fancy what she will.

In bed we left the married pair :
 'Tis time to shew how things went there.
 Strephon, who had been often told
 That fortune still assists the bold,

Resolv'd to make the first attack ;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
With constitution cold and snowy,
Permit a brutish man to touch her ?
Even lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
Resistance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right :
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.
Yet some assign a different reason ;
That Strephon chose no proper season.

Say, fair ones, must I make a pause,
Or freely tell the secret cause ?

Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point must needs be settled first :
The bride must either void or burst.
Then see the dire effects of pease,
Think what can give the cholic ease.
The nymph oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a vessel into bed :
Fair utensil, as smooth and white
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.

Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a mossy cliff distil,
Cry'd out, Ye Gods ! what sound is this ?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, ——— ?
But when he smelt a noisome steam,
Which oft attends that lukewarm stream :

(Salerno both together joins,
As sov'reign med'cines for the loins ;))
And tho' contriv'd, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose :
He found her, while the scent increas'd,
As mortal as himself at least.
But soon with like occasions prest,
He boldly sent his hand in quest
(Inspir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other side :
And as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rouser in her face.

The little Cupids hov'ring round,
(As pictures prove, with garlands crown'd,)
Abash'd at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights;
To goddesses so heavenly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet ;
To silver meads and shady bow'rs,
Dress'd up with amaranthine flow'rs.

How great a change ! how quickly made !
They learn to call a spade a spade.
They soon from all constraint are freed ;
Can see each other *do their need*.
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for *dearest life* ;
And, by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homely strains ;

And Chloe more experienc'd grown,
 With int'rest pays him back his own.
 No maid at court is less asham'd,
 Howe'er for selling bargains fam'd,
 Than she to name her parts behind,
 Or when abed to let out wind.

Fair Decency, celestial maid,
 Descend from heaven to Beauty's aid ;
 Though Beauty may beget desire,
 'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire ;
 For Beauty, like supreme dominion,
 Is best supported by Opinion :
 If Decency bring no supplies,
 Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To see some radiant nymph appear
 In all her glitt'ring birthday-gear,
 You think some goddesses from the sky
 Descended ready cut and dry :
 But, ere you sell yourself to laughter,
 Consider well what may come after ;
 For fine ideas vanish fast,
 While all the gross and filthy last.

O Strephon, ere that fatal day
 When Chloe stole your heart away,
 Had you but thro' a cranny spy'd
 On house of ease your future bride,
 In all the postures of her face,
 Which nature gives in such a case ;
 Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,
 'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
 Than from experience find too late
 Your goddess grown a filthy mate.

Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw, and what you smelt;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spy'd her on the privy.
And, spite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.

Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women must be decent;
And from the spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside.

Unjustly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds so short a reign;
Is after marriage lost so soon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.

They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politicians scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,
Those arts by which at first they gain it,
They still must practice to maintain it.

What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true.

Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books against their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On ev'ry natural defect:
Some shew they never want explaining
To comprehend a double meaning.

But sure a tell-tale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool :
Whose rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips distils ;
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.

Why is a handsome wife ador'd
By ev'ry coxcomb but her Lord ?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire ;
Shews Sheba's queen completely drest,
And Solomon in royal vest ;
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door ;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's Duke, and Prince of Greece.

A prudent builder should forecast
How long the stuff is like to last ;
And carefully observe the ground
To build on some foundation sound :
What house, when its materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble ?
What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a basis unsecure ?
Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life :
Since beauty scarce endures a day,
And youth so swiftly glides away ;
Why will you make yourself a bubble,
To build on sand with hay and stubble ?

On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round ;

Let prudence with good nature strive
To keep esteem and love alive.
Then come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

But sure a tell-tale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool :
Whose rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips distils ;
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.

Why is a handsome wife ador'd
By ev'ry coxcomb but her Lord ?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire ;
Shews Sheba's queen completely drest,
And Solomon in royal vest ;
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door ;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's Duke, and Prince of Greece.

A prudent builder should forecast
How long the stuff is like to last ;
And carefully observe the ground
To build on some foundation sound :
What house, when its materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble ?
What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a basis unsecure ?
Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life :
Since beauty scarce endures a day,
And youth so swiftly glides away ;
Why will you make yourself a bubble,
To build on sand with hay and stubble ?

On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round ;

Let prudence with good nature strive
To keep esteem and love alive.
Then come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still :
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

A P O L L O:
O R,
A P R O B L E M S O L V E D.

Written in the year 1731.

A POLLO, god of light and wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chymists by their books:
As handsome as my Lady's page;
Sweet five and twenty was his age.
His wig was made of funny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays:
Not all the court of heav'n could show
So nice and so complete a beau.
No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he sold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand;
The spokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were silver, and the axle gold.
(I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more.)
Yet with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,

No vulgar deity above
Was so unfortunate in love.

Three weighty causes were assign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muses always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found 'em.
His singing was another fault;
For he could reach to *B* in *alt*.
And, by the sentiments of Pliny,
Such singers are like Nicolini.
At last the point was fully clear'd;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

T H E
PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

Written in the year 1731.

ALL folks, who pretend to *religion* and *grace*,
Allow there's a HELL, but dispute of the place :
But if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
The *place of the damn'd*—I'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is HELL to be found :
Damn'd *poets*, damn'd *critics*, damn'd *blockheads*,
damn'd *knaves*,
Damn'd *senators* brib'd, damn'd *prostitute slaves* ;
Damn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords* and damn'd
squires ;
Damn'd *spies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends*, and
damn'd *liars* ;
Damn'd *villains*, corrupted in every *station* ;
Damn'd *time-serving priests* all over the *nation* :
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant *prelates* and *counsellors privy*.
Then let us no longer by *parsons* be flamm'd,
For we know by these *marks* the place of the damn'd :
And HELL, to be sure, is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for us that it is not at home !

J U D A S.

Written in the year 1731.

BY the just vengeance of incens'd skies
Poor Bishop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which, though his conscience forc'd him to restore,
(And parsons tell us, no man can do more,)
Yet, through despair, of God and man accurst,
He lost his bishopric, or hang'd and burst.
Those former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his master with a kiss:
But some have kiss'd the gospel fifty times,
Whose perjury's the least of all their crimes:
Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
Yet keep their bishoprics, and 'scape the cord.
Like hemp, which, by a skilful spinster drawn
To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.

As antient *Judas by transgression fell,*
And *burst afunder* ere he went to hell;
So could we see a set of new Iscariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern Judas perish like the first;
Drop from the tree with all his bowels burst;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, *Lo Judas gone to his own place:*
His habitation let all men forsake,
And let his bishopric another take!

The Author having been told by an intimate Friend,
that the Duke of QUEENSBERRY had employed
Mr GAY to inspect the accounts and management
of his Grace's receivers and stewards, (which how-
ever proved afterwards to be a mistake,) writ to Mr
GAY the following Poem,

In the year 1731.

HOW could you, Gay, disgrace the Muses train,
To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain!
Fain would I think our female friend sincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?

Say, had the court no better place to chuse
For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading strings her infant-steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side!

But princely Douglas and his glorious dame
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:
The world shall own his choice was wise and just,
For sons of Phoebus never break their trust.

Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames :
Their passions not more impotent and cold,
Than those of poets to the *lust* of gold.
With Paean's purest fire his fav'rites glow,
The dregs will serve to ripen ore below ;
His meanest work : For, had he thought it fit,
That wealth should be the appennage of wit,
The god of *light* could ne'er have been so *blind*,
To deal it to the worst of humankind.

But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.

And, first : To make my observation right,
I place a *statesman* full before my sight,
A bloated *minister* in all his geer ;
With shameless visage, and perfidious leer ;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw ;
And, ostrich-like, his all-digesting maw.
My fancy drags this *monster* to my view,
To shew the world his chief reverse in you.
Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud ;
With these the court and senate-house he plies,
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.

Now let me shew how Bob and you agree :
You serve a *potent prince* as well as he.
The *ducal* coffers trusted to your charge,
Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge.
His vassals easy, and the owner blest,
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest :
Not so a nation's revenues are paid :
The servants faults are on the master laid.

The people with a sigh their taxes bring;
And cursing Bob, forget to bless the King.

Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires
With *servants, tenants, and the neighb'ring 'squires.*

Let all domestics feel your gentle sway :

Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.

Let due reward to merit be allow'd ;

Nor with your KINDRED *half the palace crowd.*

Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,

By *telling noses with a party strong.*

Be rich ; but of your wealth make no parade ;

At least, *before your master's debts are paid.*

Nor in a palace built with charge immense,

Presume to treat him at his own expence.

Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count,

To what your lawful perquisites amount.

The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,

Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.

With int'rest, and a *premium* paid beside,

The master's pressing wants must be supply'd ;

With hasty zeal behold the steward come

By his own credit to advance the sum ;

Who, while *th' unrighteous Mammon* is his friend,

May well conclude his power will never end.

A faithful treas'rer ! what could he do more ?

He lends my Lord, what was my Lord's before.

The law so strictly guards the monarch's health,

That no physician dares prescribe by stealth :

The council sit ; approve the doctor's skill ;

And give advice, before he gives the pill.

But the *state emp'ric* acts a safer part ;

And, while he *poisons*, wins the royal heart.

But how can I describe the rav'nous breed ?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.

Suppose your Lord a trusty servant send
On weighty bus'ness to some neighb'ring friend :
Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.

Should some *imperious neighbour* sink the boats,
And drain the *fish-ponds*, while your *master* dotes :
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Because he brib'd you with a brace of tench ?

Nor from your Lord his bad condition hide
To feed his luxury, or sooth his pride.
Nor at an under-rate his timber sell,
And with an oath assure him, *all is well.*

Or swear it rotten ; and with humble airs
Request it of him to complete your stairs.

Nor when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.

Have Peter Waters always in your mind ;
That rogue of *genuine ministerial* kind
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch ;
Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich :
And, when he gravely has undone a score,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.

A dext'rous steward, when his tricks are found,
Hush-money sends to all the neighbours round ;
His master, unsuspecting of his pranks,
Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks.
And should a friend attempt to set him right,
His Lordship would impute it all to spite :
Would love his fav'rite better than before,
And trust his honesty just so much more,

Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are sunk by *premier ministers of state*.

Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the *father*, rob the *son*.
A knave who deep imbroils his lord's affairs,
Will soon grow *necessary* to his heirs.
His policy consists in *setting traps*,
In finding *ways and means*, and *stopping gaps* :
He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,
Tho' not to cure, yet palliate each disease.
In either case an equal chance is run ;
For keep, or turn him out, my Lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy sink ;
No cleanly workman can endure the stink.
A strong dilemma in a desp'rate case !
To act with infamy, or quit the place.

A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel split :
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.

In every court the parallel will hold ;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
The ruling rogue who dreads to be cashier'd,
Contrives, as he is *hated*, to be *fear'd* :
Confounds accounts, *perplexes all affairs* ;
For *vengeance* more *imbroils*, than *skill repairs*.
So robbers, (and their ends are just the same,)
To 'scape inquiries, *leave the house in flame*.

I knew a *brazen* minister of state,
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate,
In every mouth the question most in vogue
Was, *When will they turn out this odious rogue?*

A juncture happen'd in his highest pride :
While *he* went robbing on, *old master* dy'd.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the minister must out.
The court *invited* more than one or two ;
Will you, Sir Spencer ? or, Will *you*, or *you* ?
But not a soul his office durst accept ;
The subtle knave had all the plunder swept :
And such was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preservation to his crimes.
The candidates observ'd his dirty paws,
Nor found it difficult to guess the cause :
But when they smelt such foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.

Thus, when a greedy sloven once has thrown
His *snout* into the *mess*, 'tis *all his own*.

The following poem was first printed in Fog's journal of the 17th of September 1733. The subject of it is now over ; but our author's known zeal against that project, made it be generally supposed to be his. It was occasioned by the bishops of Ireland endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings ; which bill was rejected by the Irish house of Commons.

Written in the year 1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop, who rul'd all the rest of his tribe ;
And who is this bishop ? and where does he dwell ?
Why, truly 'tis Satan, Archbishop of hell.
And HE was a primate, and HE wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles !
But he has the odds, who *believes and who trembles*.
Could you see his grim Grace, for a pound to a
penny,
You'd swear it must be the *baboon* of K——y :
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious :
I wish I could find him out one more commodious.
But this I am sure, the *most rev'rend old dragon*
Has got on the bench many b——s suffragan ;
And all men believe he presides there *incog*.
To give them, by turns, an invisible jog.

Our bishops puffed up with wealth and with pride,
 To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
 They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur,
 In vain—for the devil a parson would stir.
 So the Commons unhors'd them, and this was their
 doom,

On their crosiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.
 Tho' they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may find
 'em,
 And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
 Lord Bolton's good Grace, Lord Car, and Lord How-
 ard,

In spite of the devil, would still be untoward.
 They came of good kindred, and could not endure,
 Their former companions should beg at their door;

When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the Praetor,
 Of a dozen apostles, but one prov'd a traitor :
 One traitor alone, and faithful eleven ;
 But we can afford you six traitors in seven.

What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and clea-
 vings ;
 And the clergy forsooth must take up with their lea-
 vings.

If making *divisions* was all their intent,
 They've done it, we thank 'em, but not as they meant ;
 And so may such bishops for ever *divide*,
 That no honest heathen would be on their side.
 How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
 Those splitters of parsons in funder should burst ?

Now hear an allusion :—A mitre you know,
 Is divided above, but united below.

If this you consider, our emblem is right ;
 The b——s *divide*, but the clergy *unite*.
 Should the bottom be split, our b——s would dread
 That the mitre would never stick fast on their head ;
 And yet they have learn'd the chief art of a sov'reign,
 As Machiavel taught 'em, *Divide, and ye govern*.
 But courage, my L—ds ; tho' it cannot be said
 That one *cloven tongue* ever sat on your head ;
 I'll hold you a groat, and I wish I could see't,
 If your stockings were off, you could shew *cloven feet*.
 But hold, cry the b——s, and give us fair play ;
 Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
 What truer affection could ever be shown,
 Than saving your souls, by damning our own ?
 And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you ;
 With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain
 you ;
 Provided a fund for building your spittals ?
 You are only to live four years without victuals.
 Content, my good L—ds ; but let us change hands ;
 First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
 So God bless the church, and three of our mitres ;
 And God bless the Commons for *biting the biters*.

V E R S E S

ON RECEIVING

T W O P R E S E N T S.

A Paper book is sent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to soil.
Delany sends a silver standish,
When I no more a pen can brandish:
Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
As trophies of a muse deceas'd :
And let the friendly lines they writ
In praise of long departed wit,
Be grav'd on either side in columns,
More to my praise than all my volumes ;
To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
The Vandals of the present age.

A
L O V E S O N G

In the MODERN TASTE.

Written in the year 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
If a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair *Discretion*, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping ;
Melody resigns to fate.

On the words BROTHER-PROTESTANTS, and
FELLOW-CHRISTIANS, so familiarly used by
the Advocates for the repeal of the TEST-ACT in
Ireland.

Written in the year 1733.

AN inundation, says the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
Were down the sudden current born:
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The gen'rous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all to shew their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropt horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
See, brother, how we apples swim.

Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorns:
*Not for the world;—we doctors, brother,
Must take no fees of one another.*
Thus to a dean some curate sloven
Subscribes, *Dear Sir, your brother loving.*
Thus all the footmen, shoe-boys, porters,
About St James's, cry, *We courtiers.*

Thus H——ce in the house will prate,
Sir, we the ministers of state.
 Thus at the bar that blockhead Betesworth,
 Though half a crown o'er pays his sweat's worth,
 Who knows in law nor text, nor margent,
 Calls Singleton his brother-fergeant.
 And thus fanatic saints, though neither in
 Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
 Are *brother protestants* and *Christians*,
 As much as Hebrews and Philistines :
 But in no other sense, than nature
 Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
 Lice from your body suck their food !
 But is a louse your flesh and blood ?
 Though born of human filth and sweat, it
 May as well be said man did beget it.
 But maggots in your nose and chin
 As well may claim you for their kin.
 Yet critics may object, Why not ?
 Since lice are brethren to a Scot :
 Which made our swarm of sects determine
 Employments for their brother-vermin.
 But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
 What protestant can be so sottish,
 While o'er the church these clouds are gath'ring,
 To call a swarm of lice his brethren ?
 As Moses, by divine advice,
 In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice ;
 And as our sects, by all descriptions,
 Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians ;
 As from the trodden dust they spring,
 And, turn'd to lice, infest the king :

For pity's sake it would be just,
A rod should turn them back to dust.

Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations :
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em :
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—*Thou'rt my father.*
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be bit.

ON POETRY.

A RHAPSODY.

Written in the year 1733.

ALL human race would fain be *wits*,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, *pride*,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A *sprig* of bays in fifty years:
While ev'ry fool his claim alledges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie;
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But *man* we find the only creature
Who, led by *folly*, combates *nature*;
Who, when *she* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
With obstinacy fixes there;

And where his genius least inclines
Absurdly bends his whole designs.

Not *empire* to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest *wisdom* in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round;
Such heav'nly influence require,
As how to strike the *muse's lyre*.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infant dropt, the spurious pledges
Of *gypsies* litt'ring under hedges,
Are so disqualify'd by fate
To rise in *church*, or *law*, or *state*,
As he whom Phoebus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.

What hope of custom in the *fair*,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court, *city*, *country* want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision;
Of state-affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;

Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grubstreet line.

Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a *simile* comes pat in:
Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
The guests, in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the *chickens* went before.

How shall a new attempter learn
Of diff'rent spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.

Consult yourself, and if you find
A pow'rful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or hum'rous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invoc'd, sit down to write;

Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline ;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.

Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with num'rous *breaks*——*dash*es——

To statemen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic type*.

When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes :
But when in *capitals* exprest,
The dullest reader smokes the jest :
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant ;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost :
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd !
The hawkers shew you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint :
The product of your toil and sweating ;
A bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at Will's, the foll'wing day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say.

And if you find the gen'ral vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion :
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side :
For poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame ;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse :
And since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone :
Consider what a risk you run :
You lose your credit all at once ;
The town will mark you for a dunce ;
The vilest doggrel Grubstreet sends
Will pass for your's with foes and friends ;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.

Your secret keep, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail : Yet *Safe's* the word ;
Take courage and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts,
Where critics mark'd your former faults :

The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The *similes* that nothing fit;
The *cant* which ev'ry fool repeats,
Town-jests and coffeehouse conceits,
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private robber,
A *statesman*, or a south-sea jobber;
A *prelate* who no god believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pick-purse at the bar, or bench,
A dutchess, or a suburb-wench:
Or oft when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like stepping-stones to save a stride
In streets, where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short:
Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
To moorlands of a diff'rent parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag diff'rent ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er inhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
But though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.

Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party-merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits ev'ry virtue round,
As emblems of the sov'reign pow'r,
Like other baubles in the Tow'r:
Is gen'rous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble *senate* this professes
In all their *speeches, votes, addreses*.
But once you fix him in a tomb;
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze:
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns d—l in hell:
And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And, as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple-barking mouth to stop;

Or in the iv'ry gate of dreams
Project excise and south-sea schemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers :
To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your muse on kings alive ;
With prudence gath'ring up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet ;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own ;
For *law* and *gospel* both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine.
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case,)
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution us'd, may serve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art ;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics jargon :
Then talk with more authentic face
Of *unities, in time and place* ;
Get scraps of Horace from your friends.
And have them at your fingers ends ;

Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bosſu.
Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in,
(Tho' merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.)

A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous* :
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote *quotation* on *quotation*.

At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air ;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town
To cry it up, or run it down ;
Like *courtiers*, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Tho' not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of *connoisseur* :
And when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.

Poor poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through *Augusta Trinobantum*,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sov'reign.
In ev'ry street a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indisputed rights extend
Thro' all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his *shrewdness*
For songs of *loyalty* and *lewdness*;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Altho' he never learn'd to spell.

Two bord'ring wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth:
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Maevius reigns o'er Kentish town:
Tigellius plac'd in Phoebus' car
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birthday-strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
Where Pope will never show his face;
Where Y——g must torture his invention
To flatter *knaves*, or lose his *pension*.

But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination;
Thro' ev'ry alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground:
And when they join their *pericranies*,
Out skips a *book of miscellanies*.
Hobbes clearly proves, that ev'ry creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
The greater for the smallest watch,
But meddle seldom with their match:
A whale of mod'rate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams,
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs:
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit:
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise;
And strive to tear you limb from limb,
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only tease and pinch:
Their foes superior by an inch.
So nat'ralists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus ev'ry poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind:

Who, tho' too little to be seen,
Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grubstreet at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters:
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors out-sung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother-dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.

O Grubstreet! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot:
Tho' by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place:
Yet *thou* hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degen'rate from their ancient brood,
Since first the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the *low sublime*?
For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
Blackmore alone his place supply'd:
And, lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,

The *leadan crown* devolv'd to thee,

Great poet of the *hollow tree*.

But ah! how unsecure thy throne!

A thousand bards thy right disown:

They plot to turn, in factious zeal,

Duncenia to a common-weal;

And with rebellious arms pretend

An equal priv'lege to *descend*.

In bulk there are not more degrees

From *elephants* to *mites* in cheese,

Than what a curious eye may trace

In creatures of the rhyming race.

From bad to worse, and worse they fall;

But who can reach the worst of all?

For tho' in nature, depth and height

Are equally held infinite,

In poetry the height we know;

'Tis only infinite below.

For instance: When you rashly think,

No rhymers can like Welsted sink,

His merits balanc'd, you shall find,

The laureat leaves him far behind.

Concannon, more aspiring bard,

Soars downwards deeper by a yard.

Smart Jemmy Moor with vigor drops,

The rest pursue as thick as hops.

With heads to points the gulph they enter,

Link'd perpendicular to the centre;

And as their heels elated rise,

Their heads attempt the nether skies.

O, what indignity and shame,

To prostitute the muse's name!

By flatt'ring k—s, whom heav'n design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind ;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And ev'ry vice that nurses both.

Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test ;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter.
What justice in rewarding merit !
What magnanimity of spirit !
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face !
Though peace with olive binds his hands,
Confess'd the conqu'ring hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes,
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees intreat for peace.
The *consort* of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred.
Appointed sov'reign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit,
Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us !)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown !
Then think, what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun.
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood !
Comes pouring on me like a flood.

Bright goddesses in number five ;
Duke William; sweetest prince alive.

Now sing the *minister of state*,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port,
This Atlas stands to prop the court :
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises ev'ry Muse shall sing !
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector ;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You chuse to rule the sable flock ?
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean
He fix'd the *star* and *string cerulean*.

Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation !
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strow your bays :
Your panegyrics here provide ;
You cannot err on flatt'ry's side.

Above the stars exalt your style,
 You still are low ten thousand mile.
 On Lewis ail his bards bestow'd
 Of incense many a thousand load ;
 But Europe mortify'd his pride,
 And swore the fawning rascals ly'd.
 Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
 Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
 Exactly true ! invidious poet !
 'Tis fifty thousand times below it.

Translate me now some lines, if you can,
 From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
 They could all pow'r in heav'n divide,
 And do no wrong to either side ;
 They teach you how to split a hair,
 Give G——e and Jove an equal share.
 Yet why should we be lac'd so strait ?
 I'll give my m — n — ch butter-weight.
 And reason good ; for many a year
 Jove never intermeddled here :
 Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
 Did ever we desire his aid :
 We now can better do without him,
 Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

* * * * * *Cætera desiderantur.* * * * * *

A

CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC,
and DESCRIPTION of the
LEGION-CLUB.

AS I stroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge;
By the prudent architect
Plac'd against the church direct,
Making good my grandame's jest.
Near the church—you know the rest.

Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of *Legion-club*.
Such assemblies, you might swear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother-thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jack-pudden gabble;
Such a croud their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.

Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,

While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with pocker-fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead ;
Drive them down on ev'ry scull,
While the den of thieves is full ;
Quite destroy that harpies nest,
How might then our isle be blest !
For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod ;
And the gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.

Yet should Swift endow the schools
For his lunatics and fools
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may stand.
You, perhaps, will ask me, Why so ?
But it is with this proviso :
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.

Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin ;
While they sit a picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws ;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung :
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city ;

Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy gown ;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the house ;
Let them with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills.
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.

Let Sir T——m, that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass ;
But before the priest he fleeces
Tear the Bible all to pieces :
At the parsons, Tom, holloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser ;
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from Papists, and a regicide ;
Fall a working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.

Come assist me, Muse obedient,
Let us try some new expedient ;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me ;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.

See, the Muse unbars the gate !
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate !

All ye gods who rule the soul,
Styx, through hell whose waters roll !
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.

Near the door an entrance gapes,
 Crouded round with antic shapes,
 Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
 Causeless Joy, and true Despair,
 Discord periwig'd with snakes,
 See the dreadful strides she takes.

By this odious crew beset,
 I began to rage and fret,
 And resolv'd to break their pates,
 Ere he enter'd at the gates;
 Had not Clio in the nick
 Whisper'd me, *Lay down your stick.*
 What, said I, is this the *mad-house*?
 These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
 Phantoms bodiless and vain,
 Empty visions of the brain.

In the porch Briareus stands,
 Shews a bribe in all his hands;
 Briareus the secretary,
 But we mortals call him C—y.
 When the rogues their country fleece,
 They may hope for pence a piece.

Clio, who had been so wise
 To put on a fool's disguise,
 To bespeak some approbation,
 And be thought a near relation,
 When she saw three hundred brutes
 All involv'd in wild disputes,
 Roaring till their lungs were spent,
 PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
 Now a new misfortune feels,
 Dreading to be laid by th' heels.

Never durst a muse before
Enter that infernal door ;
Clio stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian steams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose ;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away ;
Bravely I resolv'd to stay.

When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, said I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.

Who is that hell-featur'd brawler,
Is it Satan ? No, 'tis W—r.
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of Sir H—s ?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murder ;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murther'd T——p.

Keeper, shew me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks ;
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren :
Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there ?

Dear companions, hug and kifs,
Toast *old glorious* in your pifs.
Tie 'em, keeper, in a tether,
Let 'em starve and stink together ;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash 'em daily, lash 'em duly ;
Tho' tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.

Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak,
Who is he ? 'Tis humdrum W—ne,
Half encompass'd by his kin :
There observe the tribe of B—h—m,
For he never fails to bring 'em ;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait ;
Yet would gladly see the hunks
In his grave, and search his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn, and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the c—, against the n—.

Those are A——s Jack and Bob,
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brainsick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And H—th to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.—

There sits C—nts, D—ks, and H—n,
How they swagger from their garrison.

Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side hell ?
H—n, and D—s, and C—nts,
Keeper, see they have their payments,
Ev'ry mischief's in their hearts ;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.

Bless us, M—n ! art thou there, man ?
Bless mine eyes ! art thou the chairman !
Chairman to your damn'd committee !
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight ! what, learned M—n
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon ?
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a stone :
Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool ?
Alma mater was thy mother,
Ev'ry young divine thy brother,
Thou a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot !
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown rev'rend preachers
M——, would it not surprize one ?
Turn thy nourishment to poison !
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks ;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They will come and right themselves ;
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms prepare to back us :
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Ev'ry Greek and Roman author.

Will you in your faction's phrase
Send the clergy all to graze;
And to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?

How I want thee, hum'rous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art;
Were but you and I acquainted,
Ev'ry monster should be painted:
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them
From their features while I gibe them;
Draw them like, for I assure you,
You will need no *car'atura*;
Draw them so, that we may trace
All the soul in ev'ry face.

Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
*Pray be patient, you shall find
Half the best are still behind:
You have hardly seen a score,
I can shew two hundred more.*
Keeper I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round 'em,
May their god, the d—l, confound 'em.

A N

A P O L O G Y, &c.

A Lady wise as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment :
So hearing of a grave divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But you must know he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite ;
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession :
And if you'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach'd, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell ;
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before ;
Which made it more surprising how
He should be sent for thither now.

The message told, he gapes and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes, or ears :
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'squire, so trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice ;

So bow'd, was thankful for the honour ;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town :
Passes the lower castle yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of state :
For conscious of his sheepish gait,
His spirits of a sudden fail'd him,
He stopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.

What was the message I receiv'd ?
Why certainly the Captain rav'd !
To dine with her ! and come at three !
Impossible ! it can't be me.

Or may be I mistook the word ;
My Lady—it must be my Lord.

My Lord's abroad ; my Lady too :
What must th' unhappy Doctor do ?
Is Captain Crach'rode here, pray ?——No.
Nay, then 'tis time for me to go.

Am I awake, or do I dream ?
I'm sure he call'd me by my name ;
Nam'd me as plain as he could speak,
And yet there must be some mistake.
Why, what a jest should I have been,
Had now my Lady been within,
What could I've said ? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad——she'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past :
Well then, I'll e'en go home and fast :
And since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.

My Lady now returning home,
Calls, *Crach'rade, is the Doctor come?*
He had not heard of him—*pray see,*
'Tis now a quarter after three.
The Captain walks about, and searches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the servants round,
In vain—no doctor's to be found.
My Lady could not chuse but wonder :
Captain, I fear you've made some blunder :
But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
I'll try his manners once again ;
If rudeness be th' effect of knowledge,
My son shall never see a college.

The Captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense as well as breeding,
Who, loath to blame, or to incense,
Said little in his own defence ;
Next day another message brought :
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dress'd, and stealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,
Panting—and fault'ring—humming and ha'd,
Her ladyship was gone abroad ;
The Captain too—he did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go ;
Begg'd she'd forgive him. In conclusion,
My Lady pitying his confusion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him ;
Told him, she thought she might believe him ;
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him and eat some fruit ;

Provided, at a proper time
He told the real truth in rhyme.
’Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She’d hear of no excuse in prose.
The Doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate ;
So bowing, seemingly comply’d ;
Though, if he durst, he had deny’d.
But first resolv’d to shew his taste,
Was too refin’d to give a feast :
He’d treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air ;
Would entertain without expence,
Or pride, or vain magnificence.
For well he knew to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg’d with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare ;
Whilst high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats :
Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boasts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet ;
Roses of richest dye that shone
With native lustre, like her own :
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik’d every thing—at least thought fit
To praise it *par maniere d’acquit*.

Yet she, though seeming pleas'd, can't bear
The scorching sun, or chilling air :
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shews or hides his beams :
Though seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
Starts at the rustling of the trees ;
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.
The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologise his late offence :
“ Madam, the mighty pow'r of use
“ Now strangely pleads in my excuse.
“ If you unus'd have scarcely strength
“ To gain this walk's untoward length ;
“ If frighten'd at a scene so rude,
“ Through long disuse of solitude ;
“ If long confin'd to fires and screens,
“ You dread the waving of these greens ;
“ If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
“ Of city-fogs and crowded rooms,
“ Do now solicitously shun
“ The cooler air, and dazling sun ;
“ If his majestic eye you flee,
“ Learn hence to excuse and pity me.
“ Consider what it is to bear
“ The powder'd courtier's witty sneer ;
“ To see th' important man of dress
“ Scoffing my college-awkwardness,
“ To be the strutting cornet's sport ;
“ To run the gauntlet of the court,
“ Winning my way by slow approaches,
“ Through crouds of coxcombs and of coaches,

“ From the first fierce cockaded centry,
“ Quite thro’ the tribe of waiting gentry ;
“ To pass so many crouded stages,
“ And stand the staring of your pages,
“ And, after all, to crown my spleen,
“ Be told—*you are not to be seen* :
“ Or, if you are, be forc’d to bear
“ The eye of your majestic air.
“ And can I then be faulty found
“ In dreading this vexatious round ?
“ Can it be strange, if I eschew
“ A scene so glorious and so new ?
“ Or is he criminal that flies
“ The living lustre of your eyes ?

AN ANSWER to a scandalous POEM, wherein the
author most audaciously presumes to cast an indig-
nity upon their Highnesses the CLOUDS, by com-
paring them to a WOMAN.

Written by DERMOT O'NEPHELY, Chief Cap of
Howth.

Written in the year 1733.

PRESUMPTUOUS bard ! how could you dare

A woman with a *cloud* compare ?

Strange pride and insolence you show,

Inferior mortals *there* below.

And is our thunder in your ears

So frequent or so loud as theirs ?

Alas ! Our thunder soon goes out ;

And only makes you more devout.

Then is not female clutter worse,

That drives you not to *pray*, but *curse* ?

We hardly thunder thrice a-year ;

The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear :

But every sublunary doudy,

The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.

Some critic may object, perhaps,

That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps* ;

But what, alas ! are *claps* aetherial,

Compar'd for mischief to venereal ?

“ From the first fierce cockaded centry,
“ Quite thro’ the tribe of waiting gentry ;
“ To pass so many crouded stages,
“ And stand the staring of your pages,
“ And, after all, to crown my spleen,
“ Be told—*you are not to be seen* :
“ Or, if you are, be forc’d to bear
“ The eye of your majestic air.
“ And can I then be faulty found
“ In dreading this vexatious round ?
“ Can it be strange, if I eschew
“ A scene so glorious and so new ?
“ Or is he criminal that flies
“ The living lustre of your eyes ?

An ANSWER to a scandalous POEM, wherein the author most audaciously presumes to cast an indignity upon their Highnesses the CLOUDS, by comparing them to a WOMAN.

Written by DERMOT O'NEPHELY, Chief Cap of Howth.

Written in the year 1733.

PRESUMPTUOUS bard ! how could you dare

A woman with a *cloud* compare ?

Strange pride and insolence you show,

Inferior mortals *there* below.

And is our thunder in your ears

So frequent or so loud as theirs ?

Alas ! Our thunder soon goes out ;

And only makes you more devout.

Then is not female clutter worse,

That drives you not to *pray*, but *curse* ?

We hardly thunder thrice a-year ;

The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear :

But every sublunary doudy,

The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.

Some critic may object, perhaps,

That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps* ;

But what, alas ! are *claps* aetherial,

Compar'd for mischief to venereal ?

- “ From the first fierce cockaded centry,
“ Quite thro’ the tribe of waiting gentry ;
“ To pass so many crouded stages,
“ And stand the staring of your pages,
“ And, after all, to crown my spleen,
“ Be told—*you are not to be seen* :
“ Or, if you are, be forc’d to bear
“ The eye of your majestic air.
“ And can I then be faulty found
“ In dreading this vexatious round ?
“ Can it be strange, if I eschew
“ A scene so glorious and so new ?
“ Or is he criminal that flies
“ The living lustre of your eyes ?

AN ANSWER to a scandalous POEM, wherein the
author most audaciously presumes to cast an indig-
nity upon their Highnesses the CLOUDS, by com-
paring them to a WOMAN.

Written by DERMOT O'NEPHELY, Chief Cap of
Howth.

Written in the year 1733.

PRESUMPTUOUS bard ! how could you dare
A woman with a *cloud* compare ?

Strange pride and insolence you show,
Inferior mortals *there* below.

And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs ?
Alas ! Our thunder soon goes out ;
And only makes you more devout.

Then is not female clutter worse,
That drives you not to *pray*, but *curse* ?

We hardly thunder thrice a-year ;
The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear :
But every sublunary doudy,

The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.

Some critic may object, perhaps,
That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps* ;
But what, alas ! are *claps* aetherial,
Compar'd for mischief to venereal ?

“ From the first fierce cockaded centry,
“ Quite thro’ the tribe of waiting gentry ;
“ To pass so many crouded stages,
“ And stand the staring of your pages,
“ And, after all, to crown my spleen,
“ Be told—*you are not to be seen* :
“ Or, if you are, be forc’d to bear
“ The eye of your majestic air.
“ And can I then be faulty found
“ In dreading this vexatious round ?
“ Can it be strange, if I eschew
“ A scene so glorious and so new ?
“ Or is he criminal that flies
“ The living lustre of your eyes ?

An ANSWER to a scandalous POEM, wherein the
author most audaciously presumes to cast an indig-
nity upon their Highnesses the CLOUDS, by com-
paring them to a WOMAN.

Written by DERMOT O'NEPHELY, Chief Cap of
Howth.

Written in the year 1733.

PRESUMPTUOUS bard ! how could you dare
A woman with a *cloud* compare ?

Strange pride and insolence you show,
Inferior mortals *there* below.

And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs ?
Alas ! Our thunder soon goes out ;
And only makes you more devout.

Then is not female clutter worse,
That drives you not to *pray*, but *curse* ?

We hardly thunder thrice a-year ;
The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear :
But every sublunary doudy,

The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.

Some critic may object, perhaps,
That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps* ;
But what, alas ! are *claps* aetherial,
Compar'd for mischief to venereal ?

- “ From the first fierce cockaded centry,
“ Quite thro’ the tribe of waiting gentry ;
“ To pass so many crouded stages,
“ And stand the staring of your pages,
“ And, after all, to crown my spleen,
“ Be told—*you are not to be seen* :
“ Or, if you are, be forc’d to bear
“ The eye of your majestic air.
“ And can I then be faulty found
“ In dreading this vexatious round ?
“ Can it be strange, if I eschew
“ A scene so glorious and so new ?
“ Or is he criminal that flies
“ The living lustre of your eyes ?

An ANSWER to a scandalous POEM, wherein the
author most audaciously presumes to cast an indig-
nity upon their Highnesses the CLOUDS, by com-
paring them to a WOMAN.

Written by DERMOT O'NEPHELY, Chief Cap of
Howth.

Written in the year 1733.

PRESUMPTUOUS bard ! how could you dare

A woman with a *cloud* compare ?

Strange pride and insolence you show,

Inferior mortals *there* below.

And is our thunder in your ears

So frequent or so loud as theirs ?

Alas ! Our thunder soon goes out ;

And only makes you more devout.

Then is not female clutter worse,

That drives you not to *pray*, but *curse* ?

We hardly thunder thrice a-year ;

The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear :

But every sublunary doudy,

The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.

Some critic may object, perhaps,

That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps* ;

But what, alas ! are *claps* aetherial,

Compar'd for mischief to venereal ?

Can *clouds* give bubo's ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You know a *cloudy* sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight
Foretel a storm to last till night.

A *cloud* in proper seasons pours
His blessings down in fruitful show'rs;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.

When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages;
But woman is a curs'd inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fire-works she can burn in water.

For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous?
You'll see a *cloud* in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every-second;

Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you guess from woman's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?

Go read in ancient books inroll'd
What honours we possess'd of old.

To disappoint Ixion's rape,
Jove dress'd a *cloud* in Juno's shape;

Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
 No goddess could have pleas'd him more ;
 No diff'rence could he find between
 His *cloud* and Jove's imperial queen :
 His cloud produc'd a race of *Centaur*s
 Fam'd for a thousand bold adventures ;
 From us descended *ab origine*,
 By learned authors call'd *nubigenae*.

But say, what earthly nymph do you know
 So beautiful to pass for Juno ?

Before Æneas durst aspire
 To court her Majesty of Tyre,
 His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
 That Dido might the more caress him :
 A coat we gave him dy'd in grain,
 A *flaxen* wig, a *clouded* cane ;
 The wig was powder'd round with *sleet*,
 Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet :
 With which he made a tearing show ;
 And Dido quickly *smock'd the beau*.

Among your females make inquiries,
 What nymph on earth so fair as Iris ?
 With heavenly beauty so endow'd ;
 And yet her father is a *cloud*.
 We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
 Befitting Juno's fav'rite maid.

'Tis known, that Socrates the wise
 Ador'd us *clouds* as deities ;
 To us he made his daily pray'rs,
 As Aristophanes declares ;
 From Jupiter took all dominion,
 And dy'd defending his opinion.

'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
 Will often p—fs upon a nettle ;
 But though we own she makes it wetter,
 The nettle never thrives the better ;
 While we by soft prolific show'rs
 Can ev'ry spring produce you flow'rs.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
 Compare her radiant eyes to lightning ;
 And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
 That lightning comes but from a *cloud*.

But gods, like us, have too much sense
 At poets flights to take offence :
 Nor can hyperboles demean us ;
 Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.

We own your verses are melodious ;
 But such comparisons are odious.

TOLAND'S Invitation to DISMAL, to dine
with the CALVES-HEAD Club.

Imitated from HORACE, Epist. 5. Lib. 1.

I F, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
Upon a single dish, and tavern-wine,
T—l—nd to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calves head with your trusty friends.
Suspend a while your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our *mystic feast* prepare,
Where thou, our latest *profelyte*, shalt share :
When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell,
How, by *brave hands*, the *royal traitor* fell ;
The meat shall represent the *tyrant's* head,
The wine, his blood, our *predecessors* shed ;
Whilst an *alluding* hymn some artist sings,
We toast confusion to the race of kings ;
At monarchy we nobly shew our spight,
And talk *what fools call treason* all the night.

Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk ?
Wine can clear up G—d—lph—n's cloudy face,
And fill J—ck Sin—th with hopes to keep his place :
By force of wine Sc—rb—r—gh is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and S—mm—rs not so grave :
Wine can give P—rt—d wit, and Cl—v—nd sense,
M—t—g—e learning, B—lt—n eloquence :

Ch—ly, when drunk, can never lose his wand,
 And L—nc—n then imagines he has land.
 My province is, to see that all be right,
 Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright ;
 From our *mysterious club* to keep out spies,
 And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
 You shall be coupled as you best approve,
 Seated at table next the men you love.
 S—nd—nd, Or—rd, B—le, and R—ch—d's Grace
 Will come ; and H—mp—n shall have W—p—le's
 place.

W—rt—n, unless prevented by a whore,
 Will hardly fail, and there is room for more ;
 But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink,
 And honest Harry is too apt to st—k.

Let no pretence of bus'ness make you stay ;
 Yet take one word of counsel by the way.
 If Gu—rn—y call, send word you're gone abroad,
 He'll tease you with King Charles and Bishop Laud,
 Or make you fast, and carry you to pray'rs :
 But if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
 Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there ;
 Then order Squash to call a hackney-chair.

O N

DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE

CUT IN PAPER.

TO fair Lady Betty, Dan sat for his picture,
And defy'd her to draw him so oft as he *piqu'd* her,
He knew she'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might safely defy her,
Come sit, says my Lady, then whips up her scissar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trace, Sir.
Dan sat with attention, and saw with surprise
How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit,
That his thin leathern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty observ'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin;
And to make roasted silk to resemble his raw-bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exactest proportion he rose,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose.
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.

Well, that's but my outside, says Dan with a vapour.
Say you so, says my Lady; I've lin'd it with paper.

P—— D—— *sculpsit.*

ON THE
FOREGOING PICTURE.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
To give us a description graphic
Of Dan's large nose in modern Sapphic,
I spend my time in making sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs preferments.
But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in English, French, and Scotch for't,
At last I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.
Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
And tell, who was it could direct her
To draw the face of such a spectre.
I must confess, that as to me, Sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissars,
I now could safely swear, it is hers.
'Tis true, no nose could come in better ;
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.
Take courage, Dan, this plainly shows,
That not the wisest mortal knows,
What fortune may befall his nose.
Shew me the brightest Irish toast,
Who from her lover ere could boast
Above a song or two at most :

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.
Thy nose's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that ev'ry friend
Tries who shall have it by the end.
And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprise
Thy nose outshining Caelia's eyes.

SWIFT.

A
B A L L A D
ON THE GAME
O F T R A F F I C.

Written at the castle of Dublin, in the time of the
Earl of Berkeley's government.

M*Y Lord*, to find out who must deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the first knave does seldom fail
To find the *Doctor* out.

But then his *Honour* cry'd, Godzooks!
And seem'd to knit his brow :
For on a knave he never looks
But h' thinks upon Jack How.

My Lady, though she's no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And wedg'd in corner of a chair
Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

Dame Floyd looks out in grave suspense
For pair-royals and sequents ;
But wisely cautious of her pence,
The castle seldom frequents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,
I'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third.

But Weston has a new-cast gown:
On Sundays to be fine in,
And, if she can but win a crown,
'Twill just now dye the lining.

“ With these is Parson Swift,
“ Not knowing how to spend his time,
“ Does make a wretched shift,
“ To deafen them with puns and rhyme.”

* WILL. WOOD'S PETITION

TO THE

PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Being an excellent New SONG.

Supposed to be made and sung in the street of Dublin
by WILL. WOOD, Ironmonger, and Halfpenny-
monger, 1725.

MY dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine ;
So fair and so bright,
They'll give you delight ;
Observe how they glister and shine.

They'll sell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife ;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or tofs on the knife.

Come hither and try ;
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing :
Come ; threepence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Harding.

When tradesmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him :
My copper is such,
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him.

The little blackguard,
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes ;
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine, and be ——'d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thousands were not worth a pudden.
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,

As good as Ban Burton or Fade :

For nothing shall pass

But my pretty brags,

And then you'll be all of a trade.

I'm a son of a whore,

If I have a word more

To say in this wretched condition.

If my coin will not pass,

I must die like an ass ;

And so I conclude my petition.

* M O L L Y M O G :

O R, T H E

FAIR MAID of the Inn *.

S A Y S my uncle, I pray you discover,
What hath been the cause of your woes,
Why you pine, and you whine, like a lover ?
I've seen *Molly Mog* of the *Rose*.

O nephew ! your grief is but folly ;
In town you may find better prog ;
Half a crown there will get you a *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Mog*.

I know, that by wits 'tis recited,
That women at best are a clog :
But I'm not so easily frightened
From loving my sweet *Molly Mog*.

The school-boy's desire is a play-day ;
The school-master's joy is to flog ;
The milk-maid's delight is on *May-day* ;
But mine is on sweet *Molly Mog*.

* The *Rose*-inn at Ockingham in Berkshire.

Will-o'-Wisp leads the traveller a gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire, and bog :
But no light can set me a madding
Like the eyes of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

For guineas in other mens breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog :
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet *Molly Mog*.

The heart, when half wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog :
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fix'd upon sweet *Molly Mog*.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog :
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys, as my sweet *Molly Mog*.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog :
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet *Molly Mog*.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes *Cupid*, and gives me a jog ;
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mog*.

If I would not give up the three *Graces*,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log :
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit
Unite in my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Those who toast all the family royal
In bumpers of *hogan* and *nog*,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
And writing another eclogue ;
Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
He'd give up for sweet *Molly Mog*.

When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me agog ;
To be sure she's a bit for the *vicar*,
And so I shall lose *Molly Mog*.

* V E R S E S

To be placed under the Picture of England's
ARCH-POET; containing a compleat ca-
talogue of his works.

S E E who ne'er was or will be half read !
Who first sung * *Arthur*, then sung † *Alfred* ;
Prais'd great ‡ *Eliza* in God's anger,
Till all true *Englishmen* cry'd, Hang her !
Made *William's* virtues wipe the bare a—
And hang'd up *Marlb'rough* in || *arras* :
Then hiss'd from earth, grew heav'nly quite ;
Made ev'ry reader curse the § *light* ;
Maul'd human *wit* in one thick ¶ *satire* ;
Next in three books sent ** *human nature*,
Undid †† *creation* at a jerk,
And of ‡‡ *redemption* made damn'd work.
Then took his muse at once, and dipt her
Full in the middle of the scripture :

- * Two heroic poems in folio, twenty books.
- † Heroic poems, in twelve books.
- ‡ Heroic poems in folio, ten books.
- || Instructions to *Vanderbank*, a tapestry-weaver.
- § Hymn to the light.
- ¶ Satire against *wit*.
- ** Of the *nature* of man.
- †† *Creation*, a poem, in seven books.
- ‡‡ The *Redeemer*, another heroic poem, in six books.

What wonders there the man grown old did!
Sternhold himself he *out-Sternholded* :
 Made * *David* seem so mad and freakish,
 All thought him just what thought king *Achish*.
 No mortal read his † *Solomon*,
 But judg'd *R'oboam* his own son.
Moses ‡ he serv'd as *Moses Pharaoh*,
 And *Deborah* as she *Siferah* ;
 Made ¶ *Jeremy* full fore to cry,
 And § *Job* himself curse God and die.

What punishment all this must follow ?
 Shall *Arthur* use him like king *Tollo* ?
 Shall *David* as *Uriah* slay him ?
 Or dext'rous *Deb'rah Siferah* him ?
 Or shall *Eliza* lay a plot
 To treat him like her sister *Scot* ?
 Shall *William* dub his better end ¶ ?
 Or *Marlb'rough* serve him like a friend ?
 No, none of these—heav'n spare his life !
 But send him, honest *Job*, thy wife.

- * Translation of all the *Psalms*.
- † *Canticles* and *Ecclesiastes*.
- ‡ Paraphrase of the canticles of *Moses* and *Deborah*,
 &c.
- ¶ The *Lamentations*.
- § The whole book of *Job*, a poem, in folio.
- ¶ Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the
 shoulder.

A N

E L E G Y

On the supposed death of PARTRIDGE the
Almanack Maker.

WELL, 'tis as *Bickerstaff* has guess'd,
Though we all took it for a jest :
Partridge is dead, nay, more, he died
E'er he could prove the good 'squire ly'd.
Strange, an astrologer should die,
Without one wonder in the sky !
Not one of all his *Crony* stars
To pay their duty at his herse ?
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd ?
No comet with a flaming beard ?
The sun has rose, and gone to bed,
Just as if *Partridge* were not dead :
Nor hid himself behind the moon,
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through *Aries*,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies ;
And twice a year he'll cut th' *Equator*,
As if there had been no such matter.

Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt * *cobling* and *astrology* :

* *Partridge* was a cobbler.

AN ELEGY ON PARTRIDGE. 151

How *Partridge* made his *optics* rise,
From a *shoe-sole* to reach the skies.

A *list* the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain the *diadem*
That princes wear, derives from them.
And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days
Adorn'd with *golden stars* and *rays*,
Which plainly shews the near alliance
'Twixt *cobbling* and the *planets science*.

Besides, that flow-pac'd sign *Bootes*,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis?
But *Partridge* ended all disputes,
He knew his trade, and call'd it * *Boots*:

The *horned moon*, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the *Romans* wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our *shooing-horns*,
Shews how the art of *cobbling* bears
A near resemblance to the *spheres*.

A scrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*,
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can like the stars foretel the weather;
And what is *parchment* else but *leather*?
Which an astrologer might use,
Either for *almanacks* or *shoes*.

Thus *Partridge*, by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are *leather*)

* See his Almanack.

Steals from her private cell by night,
 And flies about the candle-light ;
 So learned *Partridge* could as well
 Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
 And in his fancy fly as far,
 To peep upon a twinkling star.

Besides, he could confound the *spheres*,
 And set the *planets* by the ears :
 To shew his skill, he *Mars* could join
 To *Venus* in *aspect malign* ;
 Then call in *Mercury* for aid,
 And cure the wounds that *Venus* made.

Great scholars have in *Lucian* read,
 When *Philip* king of *Greece* was dead,
 His *soul* and *spi* did divide,
 And each part took a diff'rent side :
 One rose a star, the other fell
 Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.

Thus *Partridge* still shines in each art,
 The *cobbling* and *star-gazing* part,
 And is install'd as good a star
 As any of the *Caesars* are.

Triumphant star ! some pity shew
 On *coblers militant* below,
 Whom roguish boys, in stormy nights,
 Torment, by pissing out their lights ;
 Or through a chink convey their smoke,
 Inclos'd *artificers* to choak.

Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
 May'st follow still thy calling there.
 To thee the *bull* will lend his *hide*,
 By *Phoebus* newly tann'd and dry'd.

For thee the *Argo's* hulk will tax,
 And scrape her pitchy sides for *wax*.
 Then *Ariadne* kindly lends
 Her braided hair to make thee *ends*.
 The point of *Sagittarius* dart
 Turns to an *awl*, by heav'nly art :
 And *Vulcan*, wheedled by his wife,
 Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.
 For want of room, by *Virgo's* side,
 She'll strain a point, and sit astride,
 To take thee kindly in *between*,
 And then the *signs* will be *thirteen*.

The E P I T A P H.

HERE, five feet deep, lies on his back
 A *Cobler*, *Star-monger*, and *Quack* ;
 Who to the stars in pure good-will,
 Does to his best look upward still.
 Weep all you customers that use
 His *pills*, his *almanacks*, or *shoes*.
 And you that did your fortunes seek,
 Step to his grave but once a week :
 This earth which bears his body's print,
 You'll find, has so much virtue in't,
 That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell
 Whate'er concerns you full as well,
 In *physic*, *stolen goods*, or *love*,
 As he himself could, when above.

A P O L L O to the D E A N.

Written in the year 1720.

RIGHT Trusty, and so forth,—we let you to
know

We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.

For, first, I have often by chymists been told,

Tho' I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold,

Which when you have got, you so carefully hide it,

That, since I was born, I hardly have spy'd it.

Then it must be allow'd, that whenever I shine,

I forward the grafs, and I ripen the vine ;

To me the good fellows apply for relief,

Without whom they could get neither claret nor beef :

Yet their wine and their victuals these curmudgeon
lubbards

Lock up from my sight in cellars and cupboards.

That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,

And taint all their meat, and sour all their drink.

But, thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd,

I alone can inspire the poetical croud :

This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,

Whom if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.

This ev'ry pretender to rhyme will admit,

Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.

These gentlemen use me with kindness and freedom ;

And as for their works, when I please I may read 'em :

They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls,
 And the titles I view, when I shine on the walls.
 But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
 Whom I, for your sake, love better than any,
 And of my mere motion, and special good grace,
 Intended in time to succeed in your place,
 On Tuesday the tenth seditiously came
 With a certain false traitress, one Stella by name,
 To the deanery-house, and on the north glass,
 Where, for fear of the cold, I never can pass,
 Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utensil,
 Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
 Did maliciously, falsely, and trait'rously write,
 Whilst Stella afore said stood by with a light.
 My sister has lately depos'd upon oath,
 That she stopp'd in her course to look at them both :
 That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding ;
 And still as he writ, stood smiling and reading :
 That her eyes were as bright as myself at noonday,
 But her graceful black locks were mingled with grey ;
 And by the description I certainly know,
 'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago ;
 Whom when I with the best of my talents endu'd
 On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude :
 That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
 Direct to the north, where I never went :
 That the letters appear'd reverse through the pane,
 But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right
 again ;
 Wherein she distinctly could read ev'ry line,
 And presently guess'd the fancy was mine.

Now you see why his verses so seldom are shown :
 The reason is plain, they're none of his own ;
 And observe while you live, that no man is shy
 To discover the goods he came honestly by.
 If I light on a thought he'll certainly steal it :
 And when he has got it, finds way to conceal it :
 Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
 There's scarce one in ten, but what has my mark ;
 And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
 I'll make it appear, they are all stolen ware.
 But as for the poem he writ on your fash,
 I think I have now got him under my lash ;
 My sister transcrib'd it last night to his sorrow,
 And the public shall see't, if I live till to-morrow.
 Thro' the zodiac around it shall quickly be spread,
 In all parts of the globe, where your language is read.
 He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refusal,
 When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are usual :
 But the secret is this ; I did lately intend
 To write a few verses on you, as my friend :
 I studied a fortnight before I could find,
 As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
 And resolv'd the next winter, (for that is my time,
 When the days are at shortest,) to get it in rhyme ;
 Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus :
 When that subtile companion, in hopes to surpass us,
 Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
 (For I think in my conscience he deals with *Old Nick*),
 And from my own stock provided with topics,
 He gets to a window beyond both the tropics ;
 There out of my sight, just against the north zone,
 Writes down my conceits, and calls them his own ;

And you, like a cully, the bubble can swallow :
 Now, who but Delany, that writes like Apollo ?
 High treason, by statute ! but here you object,
 He only stole hints, but the verse is correct ;
 Tho' the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely express'd.
 So a thief steals my horse, and has him well drefs'd.
 Now, whereas the said criminal seems past repentance,
 We Phoebus think fit to proceed to the sentence.
 Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his fire,
 To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire ;
 We order a vulture, in shape of the spleen,
 To prey on his liver, but not to be seen.
 And we order our subjects of ev'ry degree
 To believe all his verses were written by me ;
 And, under the pain of our highest displeasure,
 To call nothing his but the rhyme and the measure.
 And lastly, for Stella just out of her prime,
 I'm too much reveng'd already by Time.
 In return to her scorn, I sent her diseases ;
 But will now be her friend whenever she pleases :
 And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover,
 Though she lives to be grey as a badger all over.

On seeing V E R S E S written upon
W I N D O W S in I N N S.

Written in the year 1726.

I.

THE sage who said he would be proud
of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er one thought allow'd
That might not be confess'd ;
His window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

II.

A N O T H E R.

BY Satan taught, all conj'ers know,
Your mistrefs in a glass to show,
And you can do as much :
In this the devil and you agree ;
None e'er made verses worse than he,
And thine I swear are such,

ON SEEING VERSES, &c.

III.

A N O T H E R.

THAT love is the devil, I'll prove when requir'd;
Those rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

IV.

A N O T H E R.

THE church and the clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

VERSES made for Women who cry
APPLES, &c.

A P P L E S.

COME buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conscience too many :
Come, will you have any ?
My children are seven,
I wish them in heaven,
My husband's a sot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain 'em,
And I must maintain 'em.

}

A S P A R A G U S.

RIPE 'sparagus,
Fit for lad or lass,
To make their water pass :
O, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken.

O N I O N S.

COME, follow me by the smell,
 Here's delicate onions to sell,
 I promise to use you well,
 They make the blood warmer ;
 You'll feed like a farmer ;
 For this is every cook's opinion :
 No fav'ry dish without an onion :
 But, lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
 Your onions must be th'roughly boil'd ;
 Or else you may spare
 Your mistress a share,
 The secret will never be known ;
 She cannot discover
 The breath of her lover,
 But think it as sweet as her own.

}

O Y S T E R S.

CHarming oysters I cry,
 My masters come buy
 So plump and so fresh,
 So sweet in the flesh,
 No Colchester oyster
 Is sweeter and moister ;

Your stomach they settle,
 And rouse up your mettle;
 They'll make you a dad
 Of a lass or a lad;
 And Madam your wife
 They'll please to the life;
 Be she barren, be she old,
 Be she slut, or be she scold,
 Eat my oysters, and lie near her,
 She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

H E R R I N G S.

BE not sparing,
 Leave off swearing.
 Buy my herring
 Fresh from Malahide †,
 Better ne'er was try'd.
 Come eat 'em with pure fresh butter and mustard,
 Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
 Come, sixpence a dozen to get me some bread,
 Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

O R A N G E S.

COME buy my fine oranges, sauce for your veal,
 And charming when squeez'd in a pot of brown
 ale,
 Well roasted with sugar and wine in a cup,
 They'll make a sweet bishop when gentlefolks sup.

† A place about five miles from Dublin, famous for
 oysters.

B A L L Y S P E L L I N †.

By Dr S H E R I D A N.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd *Llewellyn*,
By waters clear, come ev'ry year
To drink at *Ballyspellin*.

Tho' pox or itch, your skins enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin before you've been
A month at *Ballyspellin*.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose within it glows
When she's at *Ballyspellin*.

The footy brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen ;
Then back she goes to kill the beaux
By dint of *Ballyspellin*.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
As Rofs, or bright Dunkelling :
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
Were he at *Ballyspellin*.

† A famous spaw in the county of *Kilkenny*.

We men submit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling ;
The reason's plain, the ladies reign,
They're queens at *Ballyspellin*.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the power of quelling
Such desp'rate foes as dare oppose
Their pow'r at *Ballyspellin*.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, because I fell in
A stream which came from one bright dame
Who drank at *Ballyspellin*.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
And bring their Anne or Nell in
With so much grace, I'm sure no place
Can vie with *Ballyspellin*.

No politics, no subtle tricks,
No man his country felling,
We eat, we drink, we never think
Of these at *Ballyspellin*.

The troubled mind, the puffed with wind,
Do all come here Pell-mellin ;
And, they are sure, to work their cure
By drinking *Ballyspellin*.

If dropfy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe tho' swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at *Ballyspellin*.

Death throws no darts through all these parts,
No sextons here are knelling ;
Come, judge and try, you'll never *die*,
But *live* at *Ballyspellin* :

Except you feel darts tipt with steel,
Which here are ev'ry belle in ;
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
We die at *Ballyspellin*.

Good chear, sweet air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transporteth much
Each day at *Ballyspellin*.

Within this ground we all sleep sound,
No noisy dogs a yelling ;
Except you wake, for *Caelia's* sake,
All night at *Ballyspellin*.

Here all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in ;
But all partake the mirth we make
Who drink at *Ballyspellin*.

My rhymes are gone, I think I've none,
Unless I should bring hell in ;
But since I'm here to heav'n so near,
I can't at *Ballyspellin*.

The A N S W E R.

By Dr S W I F T.

DARE you dispute, you faucy brute?
And think there's no rebelling,
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise,
You give to *Ballyspellin*.

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce,
Your med'cine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and scours the blood,
When drank at *Ballyspellin*.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling;
Will back be sent, worse than they went,
From nasty *Ballyspellin*.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honest Doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes, you tug for rhymes
To bring in *Ballyspellin*.

No subject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling;
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues,
That met at *Ballyspellin*.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowing make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
Than your's at *Ballyspellin*.

Would I were whipt, when Sheelah stript,
To wash herself our well in ;
A bum so white ne'er came in sight
At pauntry *Ballyspellin*.

Your mawkins there, smocks hempen wear
Of Holland, not an ell in,
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at *Ballyspellin*.

But Tom will prat at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling :
Because he gets a few Grisets,
At lousy *Ballyspellin*.

Their's bony Jane in yonder lane,
Just o'er against the Bell Inn ;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
Round all your *Ballyspellin*.

We have a girl, deserves an earl,
She came from Enniskellin ;
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles at *Ballyspellin*.

How would you stare, to see her there,
The foggy mist dispelling,
That cloud the brows, of every blowse
Who lives at *Ballyspellin*.

Now as I live, I would not give
A Stiver for a Skellin,
To towse and kifs the fairest miss
That leaks at *Ballyspellin*.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these,
Deserves a good cudgelling :
Who falsely boasts of bells and toasts,
At dirty *Ballyspellin*.

My rhymes are gone, to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling.
As proper quite, as those you write,
To force in *Ballyspellin*.

The LOGICIANS refuted.

Logicians have but ill defin'd
As rational, the human kind ;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it, if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smigesijs,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione praeditum ;
But, for my soul, I cannot credit 'em.
And must, in spite of them, maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain ;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature.
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason-boasting mortals pride ;
And, that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Whoever knew an honest brute,
At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery ?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind ;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go
To treat, as dearest friend, a foe :

They never importune his grace,
 Nor ever cringe to men in place;
 Nor undertake a dirty job,
 Nor draw the quill to write for *Bob*.
 Fraught with invective they ne'er go
 To folks at *Pater-Noster-Row* :
 No judges, fiddlers, dancing masters,
 No pick-pockets, or poetasters,
 Are known to honest quadrupeds :
 No single brute his fellows leads.
 Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
 Nor cut each others throats for pay.
 Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
 Comes nearest us in human shape,
 Like man he imitates each fashion,
 And malice is his ruling passion :
 But, both in malice and grimaces,
 A courtier any ape surpasses.
 Behold him humbly cringing wait
 Upon the minister of state ;
 View him soon after to inferiors
 Aping the conduct of superiors :
 He promises with equal air,
 And to perform takes equal care.
 He in his turn finds imitators,
 At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
 Their masters' manners still contract,
 And footmen, lords, and dukes can act.
 Thus, at the court, both great and small
 Behave alike, for all ape all.

A PETITION to his Grace the
Duke of GRAFTON.

Non Domus et Fundus——

HOR.

By Dean SMEDLEY.

IT was, my Lord, the dex'trous shift
Of t'other *Jonathan*, viz. *Swift*,
But now *St Patrick's* saucy Dean,
With silver verge, and surplice clean,
Of *Oxford*, or of *Ormond's* Grace
In looser rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, y'clep'd a stall,
And eke a thousand pounds withal;
And, were he a less witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.

Thus I the *Jonathan* of *Clogher*,
In humble lays my thanks to offer,
Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verse devoid of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave:
Rejoicing that in better times
Grafton require my loyal lines.
Proud! while my patron is polite,
I likewise to the patriot write.

Proud! that at once I can commend
King *George's* and the *Muse's* friend,
Endear'd to *Britain* and to thee,
(Disjoin'd *Hibernia*, by the sea)
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares:
By love, by wisdom, and by skill,
For he has fav'd thee 'gainst thy will.

But where shall *Smedley* make his nest,
And lay his wand'ring head to rest?
Where shall he find a decent house
To treat his friends, and chear his spouse?
Oh! lack, my Lord, some pretty cure,
In wholesome soil, and aether pure;
The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers.
No gay *Parterre* with costly green,
Within the ambient hedge be seen:
Let nature freely take her course,
Nor fear from one ungrateful force;
No sheers shall check her sprouting vigour,
Nor shape the yews to antic figure:
A limpid brook shall trouts supply,
In *May* to take the mimic fly;
Round a small orchard may it run,
Whose apples redden to the sun.
Let all be snug, and warm, and neat,
For fifty turn'd a safe retreat.
A little *Euston* may it be,
Euston I'll carve on ev'ry tree.

But then to keep it in repair,
My Lord——*twice fifty pounds* a year
Will barely do ; but if your Grace
Could make them *hundreds*——charming place!
Thou then would'st shew another face.
Clogher ! far north, my Lord, it lies,
'Midst snowy hills, inclement skies ;
One shivers with the *artic* wind,
One hears the *polar axis* grind.
Good *John* indeed with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm that one may bear it.
He has a purse to keep a table,
And eke a soul as hospitable.
My heart is good ; but assets fail,
To fight with storms of snow and hail ;
Besides the country's thin of people,
Who seldom meet, but at the steeple :
The strapping dean, that's gone to *Down*,
Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown,
When much fatigu'd with sermon study,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy ;
No fit companion could be found
To push the lazy bottle round ;
Sure then, for want of better folks,
To pledge *his clerk* was *orthodox*.

Ah ! how unlike to *Gerard-street*,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet ;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And jostle as they troll along ;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape-feed does in plenty grow,

And *Griz* (no clock more certain) cries
Exact at seven, *Hot mutton pies*.
Their lady *Luna* in her sphere
Once shone, when *Paunchforth* was not near ;
But now she wains, and, as 'tis said,
Keeps sober hours, and goes to bed.
There ——— but 'tis endless to write down
All the amusements of the town ;
And spouse will think herself quite undone,
To trudge to *Connor* from sweet *London*.
And care we must our wives to please
Or ——— else we shall be ill at ease.

You see, my Lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only some convenient tack,
Some parsonage-house, with garden sweet,
To be my late, my last retreat ;
A decent church close by its side,
There preaching, praying, to reside ;
And, as my time securely rolls,
To save my own and others souls,

His GRACE's Answer.

By Dr SWIFT.

DEAR *Smed*, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory shines ;
Where compliments with all their pride
Are by their numbers dignify'd :
I hope, to make you yet as clean
As that same, *viz.* *St Patrick's dean* :
I'll give thee *surplice, verge, and stall*,
And may be something else withal ;
And, were you not so good a writer,
I should present you with a mitre.
Write worse then, *if you can*—be wise—
Believe me, 'tis *the way to rise*.
Talk not of *making of thy nest*,
Ah ! never lay your head to rest !
That head so well with wisdom fraught !
That writes without the toil of thought.
While others rack their busy brains,
You are not in the least at pains.
Down to your deanery repair,
And build *a castle in the air*.
I'm sure a man of your fine sense
Can do it with a small expence.
There your *dear spouse*, and you together
May breathe your bellies full of *aether*.

When Lady *Luna* is your neighbour,
She'll help your *wife* when she's in labour;
Well skill'd in midwife-artifices,
For she herself oft *falls in pieces*,
There you shall see a *rari-show*,
Will make you scorn this *world below*.
When you behold the milky way,
As white as snow, as bright as day,
The glitt'ring constellations roll
About the grinding *artic poll*.
The lovely tingling in your ears
Wrought by the music of the *spheres*—
Your spouse shall then no longer hector;
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
Nor shall she think that she's *undone*
For quitting her beloved *London*.
When she's exalted in the skies,
She'll never think of mutton-pies;
When you're advanc'd above *Dean*, viz.
You'll never think of *Goody Griz*.
And strive, and strive *your wife to please*;
But ever, ever, live at ease,
In her you'll center all your joys,
And get ten thousand *girls and boys*;
Ten thousand girls and boys you'll get,
And they, like stars, shall *rise and set*.
While *you and spouse*, transform'd, shall soon
Be a *new sun*, and a *new moon*:
Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
For then your horns shall be your pride.

D I R E C T I O N S

F O R M A K I N G

A B I R T H - D A Y S O N G .

Written in the year 1729.

TO form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of *Rome* or *Greece*;
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best :
And, should it be your Hero's case,
To have both male and female race,
Your bus'ness must be to provide
A score of Goddesses beside.

Some call their monarchs sons of *Saturn*,
For which they bring a modern pattern ;
Because they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his son :
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him son of *Jove*,
Who met his mother in a grove :
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant ;

And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.

Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his fire;
For Jove, as every school-boy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose:
And sure no Christian poet breathing
Would be more scrup'lous than a heathen?
Or, if to blasphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.

Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a--s;
Behold his glitt'ring faulchion mow
Whole squadrons at a single blow:
While Victory, with wings outspread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head,
His milk-white steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead mens paunches:
As Overton has drawn his fire,
Still seen o'er many an ale-house fire.
Then from his arm hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard bowls:
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And light'ning always in his eyes.
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your song.

Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
To sing of wars chuse peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus hath lock'd his temple door:

Though not a coffee-house we read in
 Hath mention'd arms on this side Sweden,
 Nor London-journals, nor the postmen,
 Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
 Thou still with battles stuff thy head full,
 For, must thy hero not be dreadful?

Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
 Your conqu'ror is become Apollo:
 That he's Apollo is as plain as
 That Robin Walpole is Mecaenas;
 But that he struts, and that he squints,
 You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
 Old Phoebus is but half as bright,
 For yours can shine both day and night.
 The first, perhaps, may once an age
 Inspire you with poetic rage;
 Your Phoebus royal, ev'ry day,
 Not only can inspire, but pay.

Then make this new Apollo fit
 Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
 "How from his altitude he stoops
 "To raise up Virtue when she droops;
 "On learning how his bounty flows,
 "And with what justice he bestows:
 "Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam!
 "Be witnesses if I tell a sham.
 "What prodigies in arts we drain,
 "From both your streams, in G——'s reign,
 "As from the flow'ry bed of Nile:"—
 But here's enough to shew your style.
 Broad innuendos, such as this,
 If well applied, can hardly miss:

For, when you bring your song in print,
 He'll get it read, and take the hint ;
 (It must be read before 'tis warbled,
 The paper-gilt, and cover-marbled ;)
 And will be so much more your debtor,
 Because he never knew a letter.

And, as he hears his wit and sense,
 (To which he never made pretence)
 Set out in hyperbolic strains,
 A guinea shall reward your pains.
 For patrons never pay so well,
 As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.

Next call him Neptune : With his trident
 He rules the sea ; you see him ride in't ;
 And, if provok'd, he soundly ferks his
 Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
 He would have seiz'd the Spanish plate,
 Had not the fleet gone out too late ;
 And in their very ports besiege 'em,
 But that he would not disoblige them ;
 And made the rascals pay him dearly
 For those affronts they give him yearly.

'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
 Our ink is black, our paper white ;
 And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,
 We blacken what was white before :
 I think this practice only fit
 For dealers in satiric wit.
 But you some white-lead ink must get,
 And write on paper black as jet ;
 Your int'rest lies to learn the knack
 Of whit'ning what before was black.

Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be apply'd directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays :
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd ?
Extol him for his gen'rous mind :
And, when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes :
For, princes love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not ;
I freely grant the thought is old :
Why then, your hero must be told,
In him such virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent,
That, with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false and partly true ;
And, take it right, it means no more
Than G——e and W——m claim'd before,

Should some obscure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
When all your list of gods is out,
Presume to shew his mortal snout,
And as a deity intrude,
Because he had the world subdu'd ;

Oh, let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to shew his faults.

Of gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest.

Now, birth-day bard, with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed.

First of the first, to vouch your lies,

Bring all the females of the skies;

The Graces, and their mistress Venus,

Must venture down to entertain us :

With bended knees, when they adore her,

What dowdies they appear before her !

Nor shall we think you talk at random,

For Venus might be her great grandam :

Six thousand years has liv'd the goddess,

Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.

Besides, you songsters oft have shown

That she hath Graces of her own :

Three Graces by Lucina brought her,

Just three, and ev'ry Grace a daughter.

Here many a king his heart and crown

Shall at their snowy feet lay down ;

In royal robes, they come by dozens

To court their English-German cousins :

Besides a pair of princely babies,

That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.

Now see her seated on her throne

With genuine lustre, all her own :

Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,

Her splendor is but borrow'd light ;

And only with her brother linkt

Can shine, without him is extinct.

But C———a shines the clearer
With neither spouse nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Though G———e is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heav'nly race;
And fees a son in ev'ry god,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-shaking nod.

Now sing his little Highness * * * *,
Who struts like any king already:
With so much beauty, shew me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede?
Where Majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wife.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever——till the conflagration.

But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little D———e behind;
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the youngker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.

A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, gutt'ral, harsh, stiff names.

The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
 But smooth your words to fit the tune.
 Hanover may do well enough,
 But George and Brunswick are too rough :
 Hesse Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
 And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.
 In vain are all attempts from Germany
 To find out proper words for harmony :
 And yet I must except the Rhine,
 Because it clicks to Caroline.
 Hail ! Queen of Britain, Queen of rhymes !
 Be sung ten hundred thousand times !
 Too happy were the poets crew,
 If their own happiness they knew :
 Three syllables did never meet,
 So soft, so sliding, and so sweet :
 Nine other tuneful words like that
 Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
 Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
 With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand ?
 In concord here for ever fix'd,
 No jarring consonant betwixt.
 May C——e continue long,
 For ever fair and young !—— in song.
 What though the royal carcase must,
 Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to dust ?
 Those elements her name compose,
 Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
 Tho' C——e may fill your gaps,
 Yet still you must consult your maps :
 Find rivers with harmonious names,
 Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.

Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic Lion roar.
Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul:
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon.
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.

To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline;
And, if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown;
Or, whom you once sang up, sing down.

Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
To praise your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought so odd,
That princes should believe in God;
But follow the securest rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:
'Tis grown the choicest wit at Court,
And gives the maids of honour sport.
For, since they talkt with Dr Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That sound Divine the truth hath spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, Hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains fold, or meanings double.

Supposing now your song is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pair and prune
Your words to some Italian tune :
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a Guinea for your fee.

T •

S T E L L A.

March 13. M,DCC,X XIII-IV.

[Written on the Day of her Birth, but not on the
subject, when I was sick in bed.]

TOrmented with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verse on *Stella's* native day:
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light,
Ungrateful, since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me like a humble slave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in every word I speak,
She with soft speech, my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passions down with tears:
Although 'tis easy to descry
She wants assistance more than I;
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a *Stoic* in her own,

When, among scholars, can we find
So soft and yet so firm a mind ?
All accidents of life conspire
To raise up *Stella's* virtue higher;
Or else to introduce the rest
Which had been latent in her breast.
Her firmness who could e'er have known,
Had she not evils of her own ?
Her kindness who could ever guess,
Had not her friends been in distress ?
Whatever base returns you find
From me, Dear *Stella*, still be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Tho' I continue still a brute.
But when I once am out of pain,
I promise to be good again :
Mean time your other juster friends
Shall for my follies make amends :
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

TO MR DELANY.

Written November 10. 1718.

TO you, whose virtues, I must own
With shame, I have too lately known;
To you, by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have sought,
Had not ill Fate, perverse and blind,
Plac'd you in life too far behind;
Or, what I should repine at more,
Plac'd me in life too far before:
To you the Muse this verse bestows,
Which might as well have been in prose:
No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
But simple topics told in rhyme.

Talents for conversation fit,
Are humour, breeding, sense, and wit:
The last, as boundless as the wind,
Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd:
For, sure, by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can describe;
Here nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
For wit and humour differ quite,
That gives surprise, and this delight.

Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild.
Only by affectation spoil'd :
'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.

Our conversation to refine,
Humour and wit must both combine ;
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein sometimes the French excel.
Voiture, in various lights, displays
That irony which turns to praise :
His genius first found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule :
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair :
And fools would fancy he intends
A satire where he most commends.

But, as a poor pretending beau,
Because he fain would make a show,
Nor can arrive at silver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place :
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the diff'rence lay abstruse
'Twixt raillery and gross abuse ;
To shew their parts, will scold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boist'rous bears,
Always together by the ears ;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but to gibe ;

Who first run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;
Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence, The Club.
I mean your Butler, Dawson, Car,
All special friends, and always jar.

The mettled and the vicious steed
Differ as little in their breed;
Nay, *Voiture* is as like Tom Lee
As rudeness is to repartee.

If what you said, I wish unspoke,
'Twill not suffice, it was a joke:
Reproach not, tho' in jest, a friend
For those defects he cannot mend:
His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
If nam'd with scorn, gives just offence.

What use in life to make men fret,
Part in worse humour than they met?
Thus all society is lost,
Men laugh at one another's cost;
And half the company is teas'd,
That came together to be pleas'd:
For, all buffoons have most in view
To please themselves by vexing you.

You wonder now to see me write
So gravely on a subject light;

Some part of what I here design
Regards a Friend * of your's and mine;
Who, neither void of sense nor wit,
Yet seldom judges what is fit,
But fallies oft beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeasurable rounds.

When jests are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for shame;
Yet still you think your friend to blame.
For, though men cry they love a jest,
'Tis but when others stand the test :
And, would you have their meaning known ?
They love a jest that is their own.

You must, although the point be nice,
Bestow your friend some good advice :
One hint from you will set him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him, like you, observe with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to spare ;
Nor, indistinctly, to suppose
All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose :
To study the obliging jest
By reading those who teach it best ;
For prose I recommend *Voiture's*
For verse (I speak my judgment) yours.
He'll find the secret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence ;

* He means Dr Sheridan.

And I no more shall then accuse
The firts of his ill-manner'd muse.

If he be guilty, you must mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

My LADY's* LAMENTATION
and COMPLAINT against the
DEAN.

July 28, 1728.

SURE never did man see
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teaz'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight;
To punish my sins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wip
With Skinny and Snipe †:
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.
The Dean never stops,
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite over run
With rebus and pun.

Before he came here
To sponge for good cheer,
I sat with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my own gums,

* Lady Acheson, wife to Sir Arthur Acheson.

† The Dean used to call her by those names.

Or scratching my nose,
And jogging my toes ;
But at present, forsooth,
I must not rub a tooth :
When my elbows he sees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And just as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum ;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels ;
I sink in the spleen,
An useless machine.

If he had his will,
I should never sit still :
He comes with his whims,
I must move my limbs :
I cannot be sweet
Without using my feet ;
To lengthen my breath
He tires me to death.
By the worst of all 'squires,
Thro' bogs and thro' briers,
Where a cow would be startled,
I'm in spite of my heart led ;
And, say what I will,
Haul'd up every hill ;

'Till, daggled and tatter'd,
 My spirits quite shatter'd,
 I return home at night,
 And fast out of spite :
 For I'd rather be dead,
 Than it e'er should be said
 I was better for him,
 In stomach or limb.

But, now to my diet,
 No eating in quiet,
 He's still finding fault,
 Too sour or too salt :
 The wing of a chick
 I hardly can pick ;
 But trash without measure,
 I swallow with pleasure.

Next, for his diversion,
 He rails at my person :
 What court-breeding this is ?
 He takes me to pieces.
 From shoulder to flank
 I'm lean and am lank ;
 My nose, long and thin,
 Grows down to my chin ;
 My chin will not stay,
 But meets it half way :
 My fingers, prolix,
 Are ten crooked sticks :
 He swears my el—bows
 Are two iron crows,

Or sharp pointed rocks,
And wear out my smocks :
To 'scape them, Sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his sides they would gore
Like the tusks of a boar.

Now, changing the scene,
But still to the Dean :
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate ;
If he sees her but once,
He'll swear she's a dunce ;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books :
Through each line of her face
Her folly can trace ;
Which spoils ev'ry feature
Bestow'd her by nature,
But sense gives a grace
To the homeliest face :
Wise books and reflection
Will mend the complexion,
(A civil Divine!
I suppose meaning mine.)
No lady who wants them
Can ever be handsome.

I guess well enough
What he means by this stuff :
He haws and he hums,
At last out it comes.

198 MY LADY'S LAMENTATION.

What, Madam ? No walking,
 No reading, nor talking ?
 You're now in your prime,
 Make use of your time.
 Consider, before
 You come to threescore,
 How the huffies will flee
 Where'er you appear :
 That silly old pufs
 Would fain be like us,
 What a figure she made
 In her tarnish'd brocade ?

And then he grows mild :
 Come, be a good child :
 If you are inclin'd
 To polish your mind,
 Be ador'd by the men
 'Till threescore and ten,
 And kill with the spleen
 The jades of sixteen,
 I'll shew you the way :
 Read six hours a-day.
 The wits will frequent ye,
 And think you but twenty.

Thus was I drawn in,
 Forgive me my sin.
 At breakfast he'll ask
 An account of my task,
 Put a word out of joint,
 Or miss but a point,

He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am serious,
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Must come in my sight;
But, instead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's essays,
And pore ev'ry day on
That nasty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confin'd.

But, while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will swear,
Is at study or pray'r.
He's all the day faunt'ring,
With labourers bant'ring,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
(Whom he brings in among us,
And bribes with mundungus.)
Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man;
Who makes the best figure,
The Dean, or the digger;

And which is the best
 At cracking a jest.
 How proudly he talks
 Of zigzags and walks;
 And all the day raves
 Of cradles and caves;
 And boasts of his feats,
 His grottos and seats;
 Shews all his gew—gaws,
 And gapes for applause?
 A fine occupation
 For one in his station!
 A hole where a rabbit
 Would scorn to inhabit,
 Dug out in an hour,
 He calls it a bow'r.

But, Oh! how we laugh,
 To see a wild calf
 Come, driv'n by heat,
 And foul the green seat;
 Or run helter-skelter
 To his arbor for shelter,
 Where all goes to ruin
 The Dean has been doing:
 The girls of the village
 Come flocking for pillage,
 Pull down the fine briars,
 And thorns to make fires;
 But yet are so kind
 To leave something behind:
 No more need be said on't,
 I smell when I tread on't.

Dear friend, Doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No 'squire to be found
The neighbourhood round,
(For, under the rose,
I would rather chuse those :)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here out of pity,
To ease a poor Lady,
And beg her a play-day.
So may you be seen
No more in the spleen :
May Walmsley give wine,
Like a hearty divine ;
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face ;
And may your three spouses
Let you lie at friends houses.

T H E

PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich divine began to woo
A handsome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an Earl.
Her parents and her friends consent,
The couple to the temple went :
They first invite the Cyprian Queen,
'Twas answer'd, She would not be seen :
The Graces next, and all the Muses
Were bid in form, but sent excuses.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch,
While mistress Iris held her train,
The faded bow distilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But shew'd no more than half her face.

Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was spent ;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night.
The bridegroom dress'd, to make a figure
Assumes an artificial vigour ;
A flourish'd night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face ;

Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.

And, thus set out, this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair ;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start ;
Scarce run a step before they part ;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds ;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glass consults her looks ;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dress these parsons wear !
So odd a choice how could she make ?
Wish'd him a col'nel for her sake.
Then, on her fingers-ends, she counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts,
The Dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty, if he be a day ;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise ;
You see the crow's feet round his eyes.

At one she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops ;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.

Her weighty morning bus'ness o'er,
 Sits down to dinner just at four;
 Minds nothing that is done or said,
 Her ev'ning work so fills her head.
 The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
 Is maukish, and his stomach gone;
 In thread-bare gown, would scarce a louse hold,
 Looks like the chaplain of his household,
 Beholds her from the chaplain's place
 In French brocades and Flanders lace;
 He wonders what employs her brain,
 But never asks, or asks in vain;
 His mind is full of other cares,
 And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
 Computes, that half a parish dues
 Will hardly find his wife in shoes.

Can'st thou imagine, dull Divine,
 'Twill gain her love to make her fine?
 Hath she no other wants beside?
 You raise desire as well as pride,
 Enticing coxcombs to adore,
 And teach her to despise thee more.

If in her coach she'll condescend
 To place him at the hinder end,
 Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
 His odious gown would soil her cloaths,
 And drops him at the church, to pray,
 While she drives on to see the play.
 He, like an orderly divine,
 Comes home a quarter after nine,

And meets her hasting to the ball :
 Her chairmen push him from the wall.
 He enters in, and walks up stairs,
 And calls the family to pray'rs ;
 Then goes alone to take his rest
 In bed, where he can spare her best.
 At five the footmen make a din,
 Her Ladyship is just come in,
 The masquerade began at two,
 She stole away with much ado ;
 And shall be chid this afternoon
 For leaving company so soon :
 She'll say, and she may truly say't,
 She can't abide to stay out late.

But now, though scarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
 Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarry'd :
 The cause, alas, is quickly guest,
 The town has whisper'd round the jest.
 Think on some remedy in time,
 You find his Rev'ence past his prime,
 Already dwindled to a lath ;
 No other way but try the Bath.

For Venus, rising from the ocean
 Infus'd a strong prolific potion,
 That mixt with Achelaus spring,
 The horned flood, as poets sing,
 Who, with an English beauty smitten,
 Ran under ground from Greece to Britain ;
 The genial virtue with him brought,
 And gave the nymph a plenteous draught ;

Then fled, and left his horn behind
 For husbands past their youth to find :
 The Nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
 Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
 Where childless wives croud ev'ry morn
 To drink in Achelaus horn.
 And here the father often gains
 That title by another's pains.

Hither, though much against the grain,
 The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
 He, for a while, would not consent,
 But vow'd his money all was spent :
 His money spent ! a clownish reason !
 And must my Lady slip her season ?
 The Doctor, with a double fee,
 Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.

Here all diversions of the place
 Are proper in my Lady's case :
 With which she patiently complies,
 Merely because her friends advise ;
 His money and her time employs
 In music, raffling-rooms, and toys ;
 Or, in the Cross-bath, seeks an heir,
 Since others oft have found one there :
 Where, if the Dean by chance appears,
 It shames his cassock and his years.
 He keeps his distance in the gallery
 'Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery ;
 For, 'twould his character expose
 To bathe among the belles and beaux.

So have I seen, within a pen,
 Young ducklings foster'd by a hen;
 But, when let out, they run and muddle,
 As instinct leads them, in a puddle:
 The sober hen, not born to swim,
 With mournful note clucks round the brim.

The Dean, with all his best endeavour,
 Gets not an heir, but gets a fever
 A victim to the last essays
 Of vigour in declining days,
 He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
 (What could he less?) his whole estate.

The widow goes through all her forms:
 New Lovers now will come in swarms.
 Oh, may I see her soon dispensing
 Her favours to some broken Ensign!
 Him let her marry, for his face,
 And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
 To turn her naked out of doors,
 And spend her jointure on his whores:
 But, for a parting present, leave her
 A rooted pox to last for ever.

Written by the Rev, Dr SWIFT, on his
own Deafness.

*V*ertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis ;
Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum,
Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
Non Clamosa mea mulier jam percutit aures.

IN ENGLISH.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown;
No more I hear my church's bell.
Than if it rang out for my knell :
At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart :
Nay, what's incredible, alack !
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

The End of SWIFT'S POEMS.

Written by the Rev, Dr SWIFT, on his
own Deafness.

*V*ertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis ;
Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum,
Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
Non Clamosa mea mulier jam percutit aures.

IN ENGLISH.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown;
No more I hear my church's bell.
Than if it rang out for my knell :
At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart :
Nay, what's incredible, alack !
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

The End of SWIFT's POEMS.





Swift, Jonathan, 1667-1745

Poems Of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean Of Saint Patrick's, Dublin

Bd.: 2.

Edinburgh (1773)

P.o.angl. 284-32

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748249-6